

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World A WEEKLY

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Week of May 12, 1946



Painting by Willy Pogany—**Aucassin and Nicolette**—The World's Most Poetic Romance Retold by John Erskine

COUNT GARIN DE BEUCAIRE had one son, Aucassin, who loved Nicolette, a beautiful slave girl, the property of a local Captain.

He had bought her from Saracen pirates and had her baptized, standing as her godfather.

Count Garin was at war and naturally expected Aucassin to help.

"I love Nicolette," said Aucassin.

"Mount your horse," said the Count, "and get into this fight, or you'll inherit no land from me, for my enemy will take it all."

"Father," replied Aucassin, "not a finger will I lift unless you give me Nicolette."

So Count Garin spoke to the Captain: "Sell her back to the Saracens, or kill her, but never let Aucassin lay eyes on her again."

Then Aucassin asked the Captain where she was. "You cannot wed her," said the Captain, "and if you had her otherwise, you would go to perdition."

"I know," said Aucassin, "but I love her."

"If you had one word with her," said the Captain, "and your father knew it, he'd hang me, and her."

(Next week Mr. Erskine will tell what happened to the unhappy Nicolette.)



At Ajordat, After 24 Hours Jailing Over the Desert in a Truck, He Was Only Able to Let Maria Out for a Few Moments, Just Enough to Give Her a Cup of Hot Tea and to Massage Her Aching Limbs.

Hectic Hegira of the CRATED BRIDE

By Ethel Vance
Author of "Escape"

STORIES of the last war often parallel the legends of the past; indeed, they will in their turn become the legends of the future. There is, for instance, the legend of "DANAË," whose outraged father put her and her infant son, Perseus, in a chest and tossed it into the sea. After a hazardous and surely uncomfortable voyage she and Perseus were safely washed up on a friendly shore.

It may be that the young British officer who was to provide a parallel to this tale even remembered "Danaë" when he found himself in an apparently insoluble dilemma.

For over a year he had been doing hazardous undercover work in Abyssinia, at that time in Italian hands, and on Christmas eve he had fallen in love, in the best spy-tale tradition, with one of his enemies. She was a young Italian girl of noble blood named Maria Mansetti.

Before the British conquest she had been suspect to the Italian authorities because of her father's and her own anti-Fascist views, but when the British came in her position was even worse. The British were on the point of arresting her as an Italian agent, while the Italians in Addis Ababa who were still at large hated her for a traitor, more so now because of her association with the young officer. They even secretly threatened to kill her. At this point the young officer was ordered to Cairo. He dared not leave her to be imprisoned by the British or to be assassinated by the Italians. He dared not take her with him. What would he do?

Whether he really remembered "Danaë" or not I do not know, but he was not a capable secret agent for nothing. So he quickly made a plan, hoping it was good!

He managed to take Maria with him as far as Asmara, which is in Eritrea, and there he bought a box, measuring 2½ feet high by 2½ feet wide by 3½ ft. long. The box was painted blue. It had holes bored out at various points and these were partly covered by labels. In this box Maria, fortunately a small girl, was to travel to Cairo. The distance—3,000 miles.

The journey at best took eight days, by road and rail. The climate was tropical. So this is what he put in the box for her survival, and, as far as he was able, for her comfort: A bottle of water and one of brandy, biscuits, some beef, a pillow, blankets, pills to aid respiration, a rubber tube for the same, a box of camphor injections with needle and syringe to be used as a heart stimulant, and a book.

What book would you choose for reading in prison, or locked in a box for an eight-day journey? Of course, you have guessed it. It was "Gone With the Wind."

Off they started on their fantastic journey.

The first night his precious box was brought to his room. Here he expected to let Maria out so that she might walk a bit, breathe freely, rest for a while on a comfortable bed. But this was not to be. Another officer shared his room. He could only wait until the fellow slept, cautiously open the lid a crack,

and whisper a few reassurances.

When the box was put on a truck to make the 80 miles to Ajordat he told the natives who rode with it that it contained a rare animal. That stage took 24 hours and Maria suffered terribly from cramps and bruises and had to take camphor injections for her heart. At Ajordat he was only able to let her out for a few moments, just enough to give her a cup of tea and to massage her aching limbs.

The next lap was to Kassala, on the Sudanese frontier. This time he managed to ride on the truck and by so doing probably saved Maria's life. Because of a punctured tire they were held up for two hours, and the desert temperature rose to 130 degrees. Maria would have died of heat prostration if he had not slipped open the lid and poured

some water on her. At Kassala he had arranged for a special railway carriage, but the box proved too big to fit in it. So he rode with it in the baggage car.

Then came disaster. At Kharطوم he was arrested for disobeying his movement orders. All the time he was being questioned he sweated at the thought of the box, thrown into a storage room. Finally he could stand it no longer. "Open my box," he said hoarsely, "There is someone in it."

The box meantime had been dumped into a truck, upside down, taken to a storage room, thrown into a corner. Maria, peering through a hole, saw a bare white wall.

As to the feelings of the British officers called upon to deal with this situation one can only guess. They were thrown into a state of utter confusion. They really did not know what to do. So they did a great many things. First they got Maria out of the box and into a hospital. Next they arrested her as an agent and put her in jail. The young officer they court-martialed on charges of espionage and white slave traffic!

It was plain, however, that this was neither espionage nor white slave traffic. It was simply love—and no mistake—love that was ready to go through fire, true, steadfast and romantic love, of the sort that shines through the old legends. So they reprimanded him. Of course, they really had to do that. But they let him go and four days after his release Maria was released, too, and they were married.



Maria Mansetti, Safe at Last in England, and Her Son, David.

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

DOCTORS PROVE
2 out of 3 women
can have lovelier skin
in **14 DAYS!**



YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 DAYS!

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

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Less Coarse-looking
Fewer Tiny Blemishes
Less Incipient Blackheads
Fresher
Brighter, Clearer Color



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"With forty dresses to wash—I'd be sunk without Super Suds' HEAPS O' SUDS!"

"So much suds make a heavy wash seem lighter...save rubbing!"
says

Mrs. Beatrice Bergman

DON'T WASTE SOAP!
It uses scarce materials

'BLONDIE!'
SUNDAY NIGHTS
COLUMBIA NETWORK



"With so many beds in the house... there are plenty of white clothes every week! I keep mine snowy by washing them in sudsy Super Suds... I don't add a thing strong! That helps save wear...that and so little rubbing!"



"I have five little girls to keep in clean clothes—so Super Suds' rich, thick suds are something I must have on washday! Washing after washing, dresses come up bright and fresh!"



Make the "milk-bottle suds test." Shake up a teaspoon of Super Suds and a glass of water—even hard or cool—in a milk-bottle. See if Super Suds doesn't pile up rich, thick, lasting suds. Yes, heaps o' suds, compared to less efficient soaps!



By Robert D. Potter

Science Editor

A HUSH lies upon Bikini. Hot in the tropical sun, its palm and pandanus trees glisten as centuries ago they did when the forefathers of today's islanders first pushed their canoes up along the Marshalls. Its sand as of old gleams white. But it is eerily quiet there; the Bikinians are gone. Their atoll awaits death and destruction—when and if nuclear physics claims it for its own.

The dot in the South Pacific is as ideal for an atom bomb experiment in the interest of America's national safety as it is for primitive native life. That is why it was chosen when the Navy began plans for its vitally important demonstration.

Experts knew what an atom blast on land would do. For a test at sea, they needed just such a natural laboratory as little Bikini offers.

They were aware that their task would be to try to measure winds up to 1,000 miles an hour, unearthly 1,000,000-degree temperatures and the lethal, piercing radiations that can destroy human life weeks after the atoms shatter.

They were aware, too, that they would be confronted by a mighty tidal wave rushing away from the central area of the blast, just as the great tidal wave recently caused by an earthquake south of Alaska swept south, 100 feet high, and at a speed of 400 miles an hour to the Hawaiian Islands and along a diminishing 4,000-mile arc to the American west coast. They could take no chance with a bomb-produced wave; they had to contain it within a lagoon surrounded by reefs that would break its force.

In short they needed a "safe" place in which maximum damage might be caused to "guinea pig" ships, minimum damage to marine life of an atoll, and zero damage to human life.

Isolated Bikini—with its people, led by tawny Chief Juda, taken in lumbering LSTs 140 miles across blue water to another atoll, was their answer. No natives could remain to be hurt, and the nature of Bikini itself would minimize the hazards for observers.

Picture a giant, shallow saucer of coral atop an invisible ring of mountains buried beneath the Pacific. The saucer is 26 miles long and 15 miles at its widest part. Within the saucer the water averages 100 feet deep.

That is Bikini Atoll.

Picture the test vessels, if and when the experiment is made, row on row, like pieces on a chessboard directly beneath the aiming point of the atomic bomb; a special B-29 dropping that bomb at X hour of Operation Crossroads; the bomb falling by parachute from a height of more than 30,000 feet until it bursts some 1,000 feet above such warships as the New York, Germany's Prince Eugen and the remnants of the once-proud Japanese fleet.

Skyward in a towering pillar of smoke and flame rises the visible sign of the atomic bomb. That glowing, spectacular column is only the vertical, stratospheric symbol of man's most destructive weapon.

Immediately beneath such an aerial bomb explosion, a terrific shock wave bursts downward upon the sea, hollowing out—for an instant—a bowl-shaped depression in the water. All around the "rim" of this watery saucer rises a tidal wave.

Outward from the point directly beneath the atomic bomb blast rushes this wall of water, perhaps 100 feet high, spreading ever wider like the ripples on a pond into which a stone has been thrown.

If that titanic wave continued unchecked no observer could watch such an experiment as Operation Crossroads except from the air, or—remotely—by television. The dilemma was foreseen.

LOW in the water is two-mile long Bikini Island at the northwest bulge of the oval atoll, on a line pointing roughly in the direction of Japan. Opposite is tiny Enyu Island on the southeastern bulge. Between them, in near-perfect oval outline, are the twin coral reefs of Bikini lagoon. The area of watery surface inside the lagoon is 200 square miles, one-sixth the area of Rhode Island.

As visualized by scientists familiar with such a setting, when the blast shock wave hits the water beneath the aiming point, the resulting tidal wave will rush from the central point and roll onward for 100 miles or more if unchecked.

Scientists May Not Report on Damage to "Guinea Pig" Ships, but They Are Expected to Describe the Towering Waterspout and Vast Tidal Wave in the Event of a Sea Demonstration.

The ATOM BOMB'S

Within a few miles, however, the giant wave falls upon the twin coral reefs where the water is only a few feet deep. Great combers break across those reefs. Within the lagoon the wave tosses and capsize any ships that have survived the initial shock blast. Outside the atoll the tidal giant decreases to a harmless swell.

As a delayed action, a sequel to the initial blast, a huge waterspout shoots up directly under the aiming point.

The first effect of the shock wave and its pressure—a pressure estimated to be some 100 times greater than the wind pressure of a 90 mile an hour hurricane—is to push the water down and generate the giant tidal wave at the circular rim of the blast area.

This depressed, saucer-shaped "hole" in the sea doesn't persist. Soon the water rushes back into

being transmitted from the surface, down to the bottom of a lagoon, then bouncing back upward to the surface in almost undiminished intensity.

On its way to the bottom and back to the top, such a shock wave probably would destroy every marine creature in the area. Within a few minutes, a few hours at the most, the lagoon waters would be covered with more dead fish than the eye of man has seen since 1882. That was the year when ships on the transatlantic run sailed for more than 40 miles through a sea of dead fish, victims of a never-explained piscatorial catastrophe on George's Bank off the New England coast.

It may be different next year if the Navy carries through its underwater atom bomb explosion in the depths of the open ocean.

Still another unpredictable happening should occur at Bikini—the total disintegration of much of the water immediately below the bomb blast.

When uranium-235 and plutonium atoms split, scientists calculate that the internal temperature of the fission is over 1,000,000 degrees. Yet it takes only a few thousand degrees of temperature to separate the hydrogen and oxygen atoms (that make up a water molecule) into separate parts.

SUCH high temperatures should be created in the water below the blast and mean that part of the "hole" in the Bikini lagoon will result from the total disintegration of the water in the sea.

One fantastic worry on this point is that somehow the high temperatures will create a chain reaction in the sea; a reaction that will get out of control and sweep throughout the Pacific and the world to destroy the earth.

Scientists vigorously deny any such possibility. While the temperatures of the atoms within the bomb may attain millions of degrees the sea water temperature should be far, far lower; much below any temperatures where a chain reaction could be started.

And—add the scientists—even if it did start, the chain reaction would quickly die out without harm to anyone. Only at temperatures and pressures like those inside the sun does hydrogen undergo the reaction by which atomic energy is liberated. Temperatures at the sun's center run to 20,000,000 degrees and pressures up to millions and millions of pounds to the square inch.

All these spectacular effects—the tidal waves, the radioactive rain, the waterspout, and the slaughter of the fish—are really only the by-products of an atom blast. They are not the effects in which the Navy has been vitally interested.

What the Navy would like to learn

Illustrated by A. LEYDENFROST



Terrifying Test

is what such a blast would do to its "guinea pig" ships, not only great warships but the freighters, tankers and the other vessels of any modern naval task force.

How many of the ships would be destroyed, at what distance from the aiming point of the bombing run? Would the tidal wave capsize and destroy ships which the blast wave would not crush? How far away could they safely be?

What about the underwater armor plate that guards against present day torpedoes? Would it withstand the concussion of the blast wave transmitted, virtually undiminished, through the sea? At what range would the existing armor provide protection?

How well would the steel of battleships stop the piercing radiations that emanate from the bomb explosion and travel in all directions with the speed of light, 186,000 miles a second? Steel plates do provide protection. But how much? At what distance?

All these are questions that should ultimately be answered as a result of the Bikini atom bomb test, if and when it is held. Many of them must be secret answers; answers every navy and air force in the world would like to know.

That is why, if the test is held, reports from Bikini will tell of other things such as the tidal wave and the waterspout. You will hear little for a long time about the details of the blast upon those guinea pig ships.

STILL farther in the future are the under-sea atom bomb explosions which the Navy tentatively scheduled for 1947. In planning for these experiments the experts will truly have to worry. That a giant tidal wave will be created is certain. After the recent experience of Hawaii with the giant wave from the under-sea earthquakes in the Aleutians, scientists will really pause, and ponder.

How high will be the wave caused by an undersea atom bomb explosion? Will it be 100, 200 feet high? It could be.

Whatever happens, either in 1947 or at the Bikini experiment, if and when it is held, observers will see a sight never before watched by the eye of man. Fantastic and awesome will be the spectacle.

On its outcome hangs the fate of the world.



The Great-Granddaughter of
the Operatic Heroine's Real-
Life Model, Herself Once an
Opera Star, Is Back With the
Gypsies Who Had Tried
to Kill Her



The

The Gypsies Threatened
Mintz With Death If She
Dared to Sing the Role.
She Sang—and Collapsed
on the Stage.

RICO
TOMASO

Illustrated by
RICO TOMASO

May 12, 1916



Some thought her dead. Those who knew her best say that as a sort of penance she went back to her own people.

The death she seeks among them will not be at their hands this time. For they no longer remember her.

According to the operatic version, Carmen, it will be recalled, was employed in a Seville cigarette factory. There she got into a brawl with another employee, and a youthful non-commissioned officer, Don Jose, was detailed to take her to jail. Badly smitten, he let her escape, as a consequence was locked up himself. Far from curing him of his passion for the beautiful gypsy, this experience only increased it.

Whimsical and cruel, Carmen presided at his degradation, provoking him to further insubordination and then persuading him to join a band of smugglers. All this Don Jose endured, but in the end, when she threw him over in favor of a bullfighter, he turned and killed her.

Carmen, the real Carmen, according to her great-granddaughter, never saw the inside of a cigarette factory. She was a true gypsy, hating towns, only able to breathe freely in the open countryside. She was called Ar-Mintz, meaning the Tigress or Unbroken One. Wild as a tigress, she grew up among a tribe which hovered near Gibraltar, occupying itself with smuggling.

At an early age she was wed to a gypsy named Yalco, who shortly afterwards was killed in a shooting affray with the customs authorities. Ar-Mintz, arrested at the same time, fascinated the army commander in whose charge she was placed. After helping her escape, he followed her to her tribe's tents. His name, as Merimee truly reported, was Don Jose.

Arrogant and brutal, he had ill treated his men. When he tried the same tactics on Ar-Mintz, she was meek—for a while. They quarreled often, and after a year of turbulent love, Ar-Mintz had enough of him. Believing her unfaithful, Don Jose stabbed her to death.

That was Mintz Nadushka's story.

Mintz, as it happens, is not the only opera singer for whom the role of Carmen has proved a jinx. Unrehearsed violence often has attended performances of Bizet's violent masterpiece.

Just before the war Madame Sigrid Onegin, the talented Swedish soprano, well known to American audiences, sued the German tenor, Hans Kupfinger, for injuries allegedly inflicted while she was singing the role.

During the second act, Carmen mockingly keeps Don Jose from rejoining his regiment. The libretto calls for her to sing, dance around him and in general exercise her wiles. Then, still according to the libretto, he leads her to a chair and, kneeling, sings her an aria.

Madame Onegin complained that Kupfinger, as Don Jose, instead of leading her to the chair, grabbed her and threw her violently to the floor.

Geraldine Farrar also had a time with Carmen, although in her case it was she who dished out the punishment. The great Caruso was the victim.

In the scene where Carmen has to fling her rose in the face of Don Jose, Madame Farrar, to the surprise of the audience and especially to the surprise of Caruso, struck him smartly in the nose with it and followed this by slapping his face.

Reincarnation of Carmen

By Charles Robbins

ROAMING the roads of France with the gypsies is a woman whom years ago the gypsies tried to kill.

She was born among them, revolted, and now of her own free will is said to have gone back to them to die.

At night, when her wandering companions gather round the fire to sing their tribal songs, she is silent. This alone sets her apart; otherwise there is nothing to suggest that she ever knew any other kind of life.

Her silence springs not from an inability to sing but from memory. The songs in her mind are different from those she listens to these days. Hers are the songs of Rigoletto, of Tosca, Faust and Carmen.

Long ago this woman, under part of her maiden name, Mintz Nadushka, sang grand opera. London knew her, as did Paris and South America. Her specialty was the title role of Carmen. This was not strange, for she is a great-granddaughter of the woman who served as model for that famous operatic character.

Few people, even few confirmed opera addicts, know that there ever was such a model. Prosper Merimee, author of the story which Bizet set to immortal music, is generally supposed to have conjured up his tempestuous heroine out of imagination. Actually, all he did was embroider facts. He confessed as much in a letter written 100 years ago to a friend, the Countess de Montijo.

Mintz Nadushka, direct descendant of the woman whose tragic history Merimee outlined in that letter, grew up with the musical talent her great-grandmother acquired only in legend.

When she went to London in 1905 to appear in Carmen, she was followed by gypsies belonging to the original Carmen's tribe. They did not resent the facts in Merimee's story. But they did resent the embroidery—so bitterly, indeed, that they threatened Mintz with death if she dared to sing the role.

She sang—and collapsed on the stage, poisoned. If it had not been for the devoted care of her husband, the French writer, Leon Roger, she might have met the fate her compatriots had prescribed. As it was, she recovered and sailed for South America to try again. She was to sing Carmen in Valparaiso on August 16, 1906. Once more she failed.

That day there was a great earthquake. Paris newspapers announced that Mintz Nadushka was among the victims.

They were mistaken. She was injured, but alive. After that, however, she never sang again. Back in Paris, she sank into obscurity. During the German occupation, she disappeared entirely.



Mlle. Mintz Nadushka—She Roams the Roads of France With Her Romany Kinfolk, but She Never Slags at Their Campfire Now.

So different!

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Miracle Whip



NO OTHER salad dressing has the can't-be-copied flavor of delicious Miracle Whip. No other even approaches it in popularity. So the disappointment is all the keener when *the one and only* Miracle Whip becomes hard to find.

And it is hard now, we know. Continuing shortages of fine salad oils and sugar are making it impossible to keep up with the demand.

We are doing our best to distribute available supplies fairly; if your dealer doesn't have Miracle Whip, please remember he's disappointed, too.



TOMATO-RELISH RING. Soften $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ c. cold tomato juice. Dissolve in 2 c. heated tomato juice. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt. Chill. When semi-firm, fold in $\frac{1}{4}$ c. India relish or chopped sweet pickle. Pour into a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " ring mold; chill until firm. Serve on lettuce, surrounded with deviled eggs. Fill center with lettuce and Miracle Whip Salad Dressing.

KRAFT MAYONNAISE is still scarce, too, but it's just as fine as ever. Keep on the lookout—we hope there'll be more soon.

Copy, 1946 by Kraft Foods Company

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...for easy main dishes
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When you get a package of Kraft's famous cheese food, Velveeta, remember it's one of the important protein foods. And it also helps supply milk minerals, food energy, vitamin A, riboflavin. There are good reasons for slicing, spreading and melting Velveeta often at your house. But here's the real reason so many homemakers do just that: the folks love Velveeta's cheddar cheese flavor—rich and deliciously mild. For famous Kraft quality get genuine Velveeta.



"Smooth-melter!"

For easy cheese sauce that's always velvet-smooth just melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Velveeta in the top of a double boiler. Then gradually stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. Watch

the family enthusiastically come back for "seconds" when you serve vegetables in this rich-tasting (and nutritious!) Velveeta sauce that's so simple to make.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY THE MEN AND WOMEN OF

KRAFT

Mr. and Mrs. Engel
Lived in a Fashionable
New York Hotel—Till
the Night Freddie
Snatched the Cover
From the Dinner Table.



By
Irving Johnson

HELEN BEADLESTON O'GORMAN ORSSICH ENGEL, attractive three-times-married brewery heiress, threw a cocktail party in New York the other night to celebrate her deliverance from highball-throwing Freddie Engel.

Many of her friends were there to lift the flowing bowl and rejoice with Helen and handsome George Yared, her Egyptian-born prospective fourth husband.

But alas for the happy couple and their eagerness to have done with the past—Helen's matrimonial V-E Day was observed too soon.

What she thought was her last day as Mrs. Engel wasn't. Now she's still Freddie's wife and it looks like a long time between victory drinks.

Harlequin Freddie himself rang out the new, rang in the old.

He hustled into the Los Angeles divorce court only a few hours before Fair Helen's decree was to become final and told the judge he was sick when the case against him came up a year ago.

And while Helen and her friends were tipping their bubbling glasses in New York, the California judge ordered her final freedom held up until he could assay the facts.

The unhappy news reached Helen a day or so after her farewell-to-

Freddie party—and just when she was leaving for Washington for her passport to Egypt, where she and Yared had planned to live.

Helen called up her lawyers. She was assured Freddie's case would fail and decided against a personal appearance on the West Coast.

That was apparently an error of omission. The court ruled out the almost-final decree and now Helen has to start all over again.

When Helen got her decree she told the court Third Husband Freddie had developed the bad habit of stirring up clinking highballs and dashing them in her pretty face—and had bedevilled her generally all through their four years of war-in-matrimony.

She won her interlocutory decree hands down and hurried east to forget her life with Freddie and give a little thought to her own future.

She was seen again in all the old familiar places about Manhattan and seen most of all by Mr. Yared. They dreamed of love and Egypt and arranged to marry when Helen had her final freedom. Everything was set to the last detail—and then Freddie had his day in court.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

Impatient Helen's Premature Frolic

The Pretty Heiress Let Freedom Ring the Other Night, Only to Discover That What She Thought Was—Wasn't

Both Helen and Freddie were fugitives from two previous marriages when their hearts took up love's cadence five years ago.

Helen's first was Lawyer Jimmie O'Gorman. Her second, Count Vincent Orsich, kicked up a minor fuss when she wanted to marry Freddie.

The young Austrian nobleman at first swore he'd never relinquish his place to another. But Helen had a little conference with him on that and certain related matters and the count was counted out with his full consent.

Freddie's first was the four-times-married Marion Shaw, ex-Follies girl.

Freddie was already secretly married to Madcap Marion when he was given a suspended sentence for passing a high-bouncing check of \$427 on a New York hotel—a little matter he ascribed to his "grand carelessness."

Marion, herself the party of the first part in 54 separate court actions, heard the judge impose sentence on her airy spouse:

"I will not send you to the penitentiary. I am going to put you on probation for three years, but I intend to make you responsible for the activities of your wife. Any loss or embarrassment she may cause to anyone will be yours."

Freddie paled when he heard the voice from the bench.

But he lived through the probation without fresh trouble and finally got out of the marriage when Marion yielded him up to Actress Luella Gear.

Luella and Freddie made a go of it for three years but finally parted.

Then Helen and Freddie got married and Helen soon began to suspect that Mr. Engel was no bargain.

When they lived at a fashionable New York hotel, Freddie wrecked a dinner party by snatching the cover from a table laden with fine china and good liquor. Helen paid a \$5,000 bill owed the hotel and moved out the same night.

When Helen packed up to leave their California home, a sheriff guarded her. But Freddie reportedly smashed a picture over her head and ripped up her sables and hat.

The sheriff called in a deputy and Helen packed under double guard. Then she went into hiding until her case was called in court.

And that was all for Freddie until a little while back when Helen found out the man she left behind her had caught up with her again.



This is Helen—Whose Husband Wouldn't Let Her Get Married.

May 12, 1946



And This Is Freddie—Declared the Winner and Still Husband.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 9

Chemistry's New FOUNTAIN of YOUTH

A Synthetic Potion Is Found to Delay the Aging Process and in the Future Average Men and Women May Live Past 100.

By Gobind Behari Lal
Science Analyst

AVERAGE men and women some day will live on past 100, past 150. They'll be glad to see the light of each morning. They'll feel well and be well.

That's a promise now with better foundation than scientists ever could give it before. It's a prospect which they hold out because they have found what may turn out to be a major clue to the cause of premature or too speedy aging process.

The clue was found through research on fatigue. It is possible that fatigue, piling up day after day, has much to do with the rate of aging.

Now fatigue in part can be overcome. Chemical means can partly fight it, and so perhaps fight a powerful ally of the aging process, and eventually may help the average man and woman to stay healthy and vigorous far beyond the time we think of now as the quiet afternoon of life.

The fatigue defying chemicals are new. The most effective among these is a synthetic product, called pregnenolone.

Drs. Hudson Hoagland and Gregory Pincus, directors of the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology, Shrewsbury, Mass., are among the leading scientists working on fatigue whose experimental work has led to the discovery of the beneficial effects of pregnenolone.

The stress of war days led the scientists into the study of fatigue. They observed that among airmen who were exhausted the excretion of a substance called 17-ketosteroids increased. The substance is a by-product of excessive activity of the adrenal cortex gland, released in the normal kidney fluid. Its amount could be measured by a color test.

The increase in the substance indicated that the adrenal cortex was being overtaxed, and probably other

No More of This 5 o'Clock Weariness in the Era Ahead When the Chemists Give Us an Antidote for Work and Worry. Late Afternoon May Be Just the Beginning of a New Day Entirely Free of Fatigue.

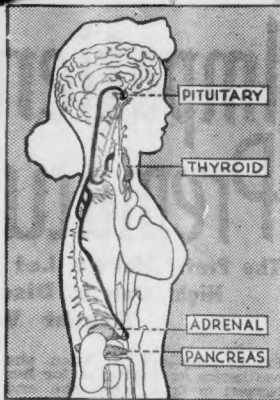
master glands controlling the body's energy. The problem was one of preventing the heavy drain on the adrenal cortex and the related system within the body. The solution was the new synthetic chemical, pregnenolone, made from cholesterol, a material always present in human, animal and plant tissues.

The scientists studied airmen who had been in flight and airmen who had simulated flight in a laboratory. Their laboratory apparatus consisted of an airplane stick and rudder pedal controls operating a beam of light. The beam was projected on a model airplane suspended in air in front of the pilot. The plane was kept in motion, and the pilot had to project the beam on the two sides of the plane engine at the same time.

Every time he made an error, an electric eye in the plane recorded it. As fatigue cut down his efficiency, the electric eye told the story.

The electric eye also told the story of what the new chemical did for the pilot. When he received 50 to 60 milligrams of it daily, his fatigue diminished and his skill increased. At the same time his excretion of the 17-ketosteroids, the by-product of the adrenal cortex gland, went down.

The conclusion was inevitable: the new chemical helps the gland fight fatigue.



The Ductless Glandular System, Including That Bad Actor, the Adrenal, the Excessive Activity of Which Hastens Fatigue.

To substantiate the conclusion, the scientists applied the principle to many others besides airmen.

What the new substance would do for the aging human body, if it were administered over a period of years, is a matter for intense and continued research, and Drs. Hoagland and Pincus have a strong feeling that such research would demonstrate that the same causes which produce fatigue also would shorten life.

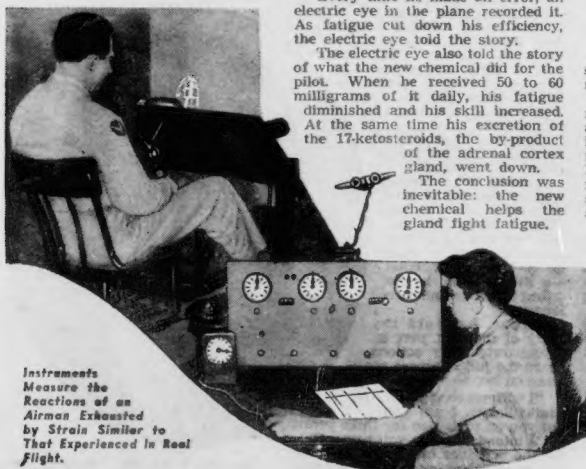
Outstanding of the causes of aging, biologically is the decline of the adrenal cortex, the anterior pituitary, pancreas and thyroid.

Scientists sometimes think of the human body as a system of interrelated clocks, each one prone to run down one time or another.

The ductless glands are among these clocks themselves, and they affect the ticking of other clocks. The better they work, and the longer, the better and longer work the others.

In New York Dr. Simon L. Ruskin has treated fatigue with injections.

Illustrated by TONY VARADY



Instruments Measure the Reactions of an Airman Exhausted by Strain Similar to That Experienced in Real Flight.



tions of special preparations of combined ascorbic acid, iron and certain most essential vitamins.

Other investigators concentrate on the mind's effect on the symptoms of age. They feel sure that mental troubles hasten the exhaustion of the glands and circulation system.

Mental tension fatigues us. Apprehension wears us down. So do fear, grief and bickering. Our system of clocks is delicately balanced; how to keep them going past the age of 100 is a secret not wholly revealed.

The closest we have come to the whole secret, so far, appears to be the result of the progress in the study of the wearing-tearing process—fatigue—and of diet.

Now the scientists set themselves for more study, more progress against age-old adversaries.

These foes are tough; ask no quarter, give none. They're the years.

But science, filled with a new spirit, is going to fight them. Scientists, like those of the Worcester Foundation, are not defeatists. They are asking themselves: "Why should the mere succession of months and years make the living body more and more senile? What is there in the day-and-night and seasonal cycles of the earth to change the human body unfavorably?"

Why can't the key organs of the body be kept going indefinitely?

Scientists should certainly study the laws of the growth of the cells of which the body is made. They should examine as thoroughly as possible every kind of poison generated within, or introduced from outside, the body. It may turn out that what is today supposed to be "normal process of aging" is only a chronic, insidious ailment—probably a group of interlocked ailments. But to understand and conquer this "Disease of Time" scientists must labor for long.

PRAYER

in the Prize Ring

PRAYING can be inspiration to the prize ring. Nobody knows it better than rough-and-tumble Jack Sharkey, once heavyweight champion of the world. It's not that Sharkey figures prayer will bring him victory; it's that he believes it helped him fight the good fight.

Cynics used to jeer at Sharkey for piety. They sometimes pointed out that the winners were those with the most stuff—the army with the best men and equipment and strategy; the football team with the best coach and the best players; the fighter with the best jab.

"I don't pray for victory," Sharkey once said gently. "I'm not that epistolical and I'm not that stupid. I pray that we shall have a clean, fair fight, and I pray that neither of us may be seriously hurt. So far, God always has answered my prayers."

Now, 44, Sharkey still believes that. He still prays for the clean, fair fight even though he is out of the ring.

Jack started life the hard way. At the age of 14 he slipped away from Binghamton, N. Y., where he was born Josef Paul Cukoskey, and enlisted in the Navy. He had plenty of muscle even then—and the Navy gave him more. It wasn't long before he won the heavyweight championship of the fleet as Battling Skee.

Out of uniform, he decided to make a career of pugilism. Battling Skee didn't seem just the right professional sobriquet in civilian life. So Josef Paul Cukoskey compounded a ring name from two of his idols—the Jack from Jack Dempsey, his favorite heavyweight, and the Sharkey from Tom Sharkey, the Navy's most famous heavyweight fighter.

There were really two Jack Sharkeys after that—one the public knew as a brash, tough fighter; the other, the one who knew as a devout, God-fearing man.

At the fights, Sharkey was cold and ruthless. He sneered at his opponents. He talked tough and fought tough. The fight fans considered him an arrogant giant. They crowded the sports stadiums when he was scheduled, hoping to see him punched out of the ring.

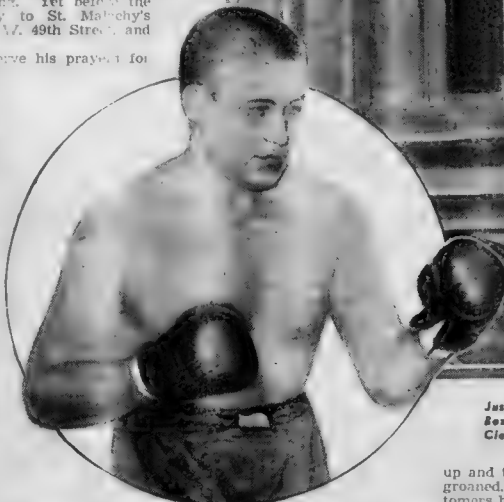
Sharkey kept his other self from the public. As fighting in New York, he weighed in at the offices of the New York State Athletic Commission. He was loud, boastful and wisecracking. Yet before the fight, he slipped away to St. Malachy's Church, New York's W. 49th Street, and knelt in prayer.

Sharkey did not reserve his prayers for himself or his fights. Once, when he was at Madison Square Garden, he was hit in the mud and rain. He asked for a priest and asked for divine protection for his children.

There was a time in 1933 when Sharkey was thankful for the consolation of his faith, and the faith of a fighter he looked upon with high hopes. That was the night in February when Ernie Schaaf, only 24, went to the ring in Madison Square Garden to challenge Primo Carnera, the towering Italian, for the world's championship.

Schaaf was given a good chance for the title—eventually, if not that night. He already had been in Tommy Loughran, Jimmy Braddock, Young Stribling and Tony Galento. He had tangled twice with Max Baer, winning the first in New York, and losing the second in Chicago when he was knocked out just four seconds before the going in the final round. After the second experience with Baer, Schaaf became deeply religious. He received communion every day. He had it the day of that night in February when he met Carnera. Sharkey was Schaaf's second.

In the thirteenth round, Schaaf was knocked down. It looked like a light tap. He didn't get



Just Before the Bout, Jack Sharkey (Left), a Rough-and-Tumble Boxer to the Public, Slipped Away to His Church to Pray for "a Clean, Fair Fight" So That "Neither of Us May Be Seriously Hurt."

up and the crowd groaned. The customers began crying the fight was over. Sharkey had faith. He knew better because he knew Schaaf. He called for a doctor. Sharkey was right. The boy was seriously injured. He died a few days later in a hospital near the Garden.

Other men in the fight business have never been ashamed to acknowledge their belief in prayer. Among them were Jack Dillon, the giant-killer; Tiger Flowers, the gentle deacon; and Henry Arm-

strong, the triple champion of the late '30s.

Boston College, a small Jesuit institution in the suburbs of Boston, demonstrated belief in prayer in the Sugar Bowl at New Orleans on New Year's Day, 1941, when its team, the Eagles, beat the mighty Volunteers of Tennessee by a score of 19 to 13. Frank Leahy was the Eagles' coach.

Leahy told about it later when he became head coach at Notre Dame University at South Bend, Ind. He was walking across the campus and pointed to the Gold Dome and said:

"There—that statue of the Blessed Virgin—is the most important factor in the Irish success." So, in the experience of some, the fulfillment of faith is demonstrated.

Illustrated by CARL MUELLER

Who ARE WE?



International Photo

No. 2 Above, Criminal. Farm Boy. First Stole Nickels for Girls, Later Robbed Banks for Them, Killing Right and Left. Was Betrayed to Death by Girl, With \$7.70 in Pockets.



No. 3. Statesman. Descendant of Dukes and an American Beauty. A Failure in School. He Became a Soldier, War Correspondent, Author, Orator, Changed Parties Twice and Became Premier.



No. 1. Film Star. Born Nearly 40 Years Ago in Massachusetts. Wanted to Be a Nurse but Sight of Blood Cured Her. Aimed at Comedy Roles; Succeeded in Dramatic.

are certain from the start.

Along physical lines the analogy holds true also. Given the photographs of a person at 50 and at 10 for comparison, many points of resemblance may be obvious. A skilled portrait artist, in fact, might well be able to reconstruct his subject's childhood likeness from that of his maturity.

That, too, is because the artist is looking backwards. If he had to start with a baby's photograph about the time it was taken and prophesy what the child would look like some decades later he'd have a difficult time.

It is something like that problem which is presented on this page. Here are the childhood likenesses of four persons. Each is well known and his grown-up likeness has been published many times. In addition, there are a

few words of identification by way of clue—so that you have a chance to do a little looking backwards, too.

See if you can identify the grown-up from his childhood photograph. The answers are on Page 30.

No. 4. Politician. Son of Politician. In Childhood, Had 10 Other Boys Working for Him. Became Lawyer, District Attorney, Governor, and One of the Youngest Candidates for U. S. Presidency.



She used to pay \$15 for a permanent ~



Natural-blonde, voice student Marian Evans of Milwaukee did her own Toni permanent, says she loves its soft, natural-curly look.

Now she gives herself a Toni wave at home!

Today, thousands of women just like yourself give themselves Toni *creme* cold waves at home. It's simple, easy to do—perfect for baby-fine, bleached, dyed, tinted, grey or normal hair. A Toni permanent, you'll agree, is the equal of a salon-type wave costing \$15 or more.

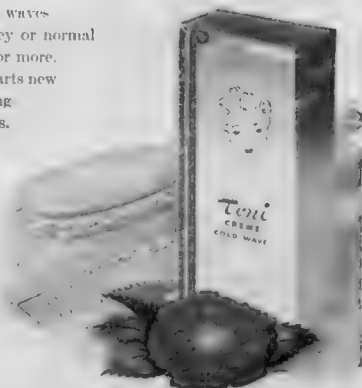
Lovely, natural-looking, longer lasting! Professional-type *creme* waving lotion imparts new beauty to your hair. The Toni kit contains complete instructions and everything you need to give yourself or your daughter a soft, beautiful permanent in 2 or 3 hours.

Millions have been sold. Give *yourself* your next permanent—with Toni.

Guaranteed! You must be pleased with your Toni wave or Toni, Inc., will refund full purchase price!

\$125
plus tax

Toni *home permanent*
CREME COLD WAVE



AT LEADING COSMETIC, DRUG,
AND NOTION COUNTERS

TREASURE ABOVE GROUND



They Were Scouring the Mountains in Search of Captain Swift's Buried Hoard When Suddenly Phineas Quintance Stopped and Took Another Look at a Five-Leafed Plant With Scarlet Berries. "This Here's Ginseng!" He Shouted.

KENTUCKY mountaineers, ranging through thickets of laurel and rhododendron in search of the supposed treasure of Capt. John Swift, are learning today the same lesson impressed on their pioneer forebears—that more treasure grows on top of the ground than was ever buried beneath it, and that ginseng, the root that looks like a man, is often worth more than silver.

The Swift treasure always was, and still is, a shadowy sort of hoard that might have existed and might not. The story goes that Swift landed in North Carolina about 1757 after having fled England in a hurry because it was discovered he had developed a way of turning out pound notes which weren't authentic but looked very much that way.

Whether he brought his treasure with him or whether he located some rich lode was never explained, but he was supposed to have buried a vast store of silver in the mountains of what was to become the state of Kentucky.

All sorts of journals and maps credited to Captain Swift have turned up from time to time and have been eagerly sought by treasure hunters, but the only Kentuckians who may have profited seem to be the Indians.

Local historians say that after the redskins were driven further west, bands of them used to return occasionally to the vicinity of what is now Middleborough, Ky. They would post sentries to warn any curious settlers to stay away, and the next morning they would be gone. But after each visit a great hole was found in the ground.

"They've taken more of Captain Swift's treasure!" the neighbors would exclaim, and everybody in the vicinity would do a lot of scrabbling around without any result.

Nevertheless, the myth inspired many a get-rich-quick pioneer to migrate to Kentucky, and among those who came in was Phineas Quintance, a Vermontor who had spent considerable time in Canada. Phineas spent only a few days in prospecting for the buried silver. One afternoon, as he and a party of friends roamed over the mountains, he stopped suddenly and took another look at a five-leafed plant with scarlet berries.

"Hey, fellas, this here's ginseng!" Phineas shouted.



His companions looked blank, but Phineas soon explained that ginseng was a plant with an aromatic root that was highly prized in China as a medicine.

"If we can find enough of this, we won't need to look for silver," he insisted, and it turned out that he was correct. There was only a trickle of trade to China at the time, but it was enough to make Phineas Quintance rich. During the following century, Kentucky and a few other states shipped 17,000,000 pounds of ginseng root to China for \$30,000,000. Most of it was wild, but there are nurseries today which have been growing ginseng since long before the war and are ready to send tons to the Orient as soon as shipping facilities improve.

No one knows for sure just how

the Chinese gained their fanatical belief in the medicinal properties of ginseng. The legend is that during the Sui dynasty (581 to 601 A.D.), the wail of a man was heard night after night in the rear of a house in Shang Tang. No amount of search located the origin of the sound.

It seemed to come from the vicinity of a huge plant, which was dug up. The plant's roots were found to have a form similar to a man. After that there were no more wails, and the plant was therefore called Tu Ching, "Spirit of the Ground." Later, this was changed to ginseng, which means "shape of a man." The botanical name, panax, is derived from Greek words meaning "cures everything," which is exactly what the

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

Chinese believe it is able to do. Due to the zeal with which the Chinese were hunting down and harvesting the ginseng roots in their own country, the root gradually approached extinction there. In 1708, the Emperor of China became cognizant of this, and issued an order prohibiting private harvesting of the rarer varieties. He appointed 10,000 imperial ginseng pickers, who were bound by oath to turn over two ounces of their harvest free of charge, and could then sell the rest to the government for its weight in silver.

In 1714, Father Martreux, a Jesuit missionary in China, sent back a description of the plant. Two years later, Father Lafiteau found ginseng growing near Montreal and recognized it from the description. He persuaded the Iroquois Indians to collect it, and it was a prime factor in Montreal's early foreign trade.

Before Canada, and later the United States, began to export ginseng, most of it came from Manchuria and Korea. The Koreans regarded its harvesting as a religious undertaking. For a month before going to the mountains, the herb gatherers would eat only vegetables, would abstain from wine and would stay away from their wives. On the morning of the fateful day they would cleanse their bodies with cold water and start on their quest, fearful that they would not be sanctified enough to appease the gods.

American medical men have been able to discover no unusual properties in ginseng, except that it acts as a demulcent, or soothing drug, and others have been found which are much more efficacious. But the Penta'ao, most widely consulted of Chinese medical books, says it is "a tonic to the five viscera, quieting the animal spirits, strengthening the soul, allaying fear, expelling evil effluvia, brightening the eyes, opening up the heart, benefiting the understanding, and if taken for some time it will invigorate the body and prolong life."

It is only occasionally that a ginseng root is found which actually resembles the human body, but those are the ones which are really valuable. In addition to all their other curative values, the Chinese believe that such roots will enable even elderly husbands to become fathers of large families. The best specimens often sell for several times their weight in gold.

The Department of Agriculture has issued several bulletins on ginseng culture but wild roots still bring the highest prices, particularly if they have been growing a long time. So even today the Kentucky mountaineers who scout around occasionally for Captain Swift's hidden hoard keep even a sharper eye open for a five-leafed plant with bright red berries.

Taking Vitamins?

Try this Newer Way...for better results!

Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the reason you're taking extra vitamins is for keener vitality, better all-round health!

So why not get your vitamins this *newer way* that can do you more good? Why not get them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way?

The reason is simple—science knows vitamins don't work alone! They work best with other food elements—Vitamin A and Vitamin C with protein, Vitamin B, with energy food, Vitamin D with Calcium and Phosphorus, and so on—and you get them all in each glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

For Ovaltine is an all-round supplementary food-drink that supplies—besides vitamins—nearly every food element needed for robust health, including those elements needed for vitamin-effectiveness.

And note—you get much more! High-quality protein, vital food-minerals, quick-acting energy food—things many people need as much as vitamins for vigorous buoyant health.

So if you are eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily give you all the extra vitamins and minerals a normal person needs for robust health.

Then why take chances with merely vitamins alone? Why not change to Ovaltine—get your vitamins the way they can do you more good, along with all the other essential food-values Ovaltine supplies!

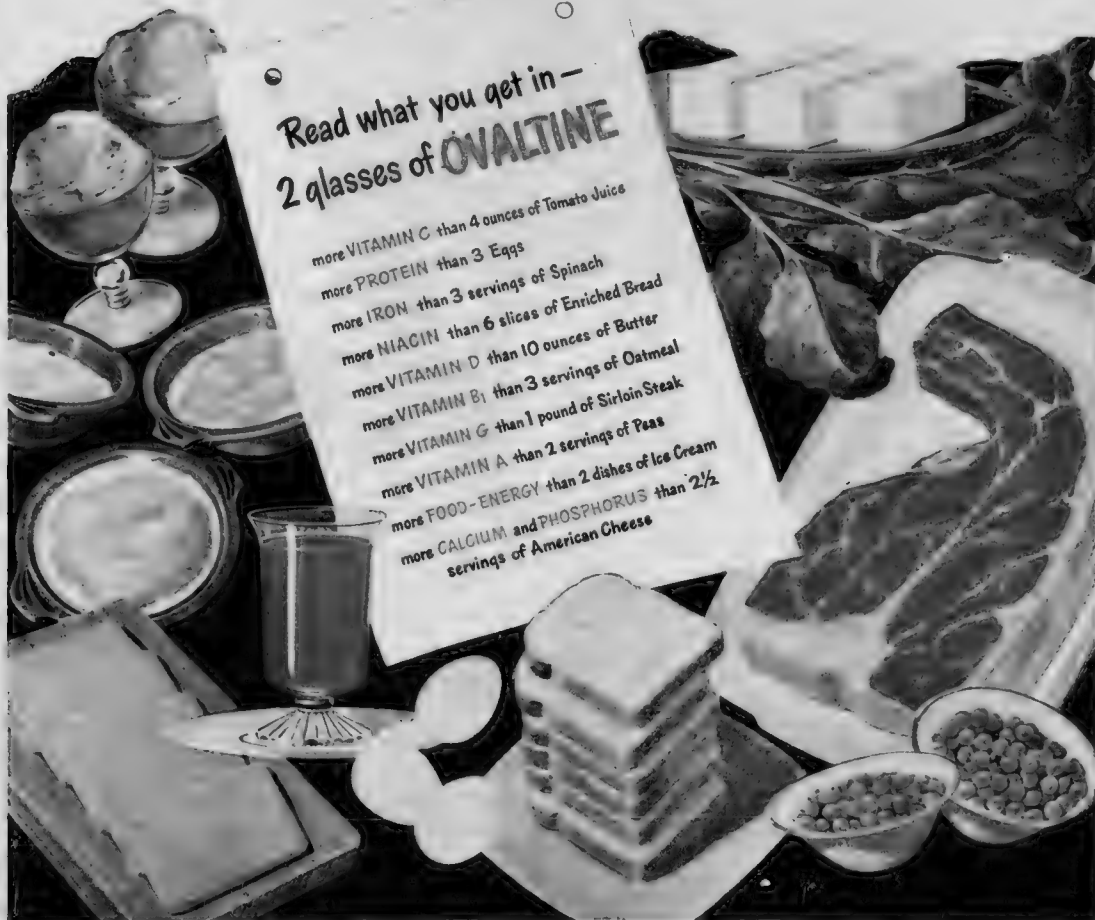
3 out of 4 people should get extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.



MANY ELDERLY PEOPLE, whose strength is weakened by advancing age, rely on Ovaltine to maintain strength and vitality. Specially prepared for easy digestion, Ovaltine is a well balanced supplementary food drink. It furnishes nourishing proteins, energy food, vitamins and minerals which many elderly people need in larger amounts to maintain vigorous health.

Read what you get in — 2 glasses of OVALTINE

more VITAMIN C than 4 ounces of Tomato Juice
more PROTEIN than 3 Eggs
more IRON than 3 servings of Spinach
more NIACIN than 6 slices of Enriched Bread
more VITAMIN D than 10 ounces of Butter
more VITAMIN B₁ than 3 servings of Oatmeal
more VITAMIN G than 1 pound of Sirloin Steak
more VITAMIN A than 2 servings of Peas
more FOOD-ENERGY than 2 dishes of Ice Cream
more CALCIUM and PHOSPHORUS than 2½ servings of American Cheese



The Lady in Red—She Made Race Tracks Pay Through the Nose, but Paddy Barrie, Great Artist at Ringing Horses, Took at Least \$6,000,000 From Both Tracks and Bookies.

THE GREAT



Paddy Set Up His Little Charcoal Stove, His Henna and Bleaching Mixtures in the Horse Van, and by the Time She Stepped Down the Ramp He Looked More Like Akhnaton Than Akhnaton Himself.

The Lady in Red

By Dan Parker

ANYONE who can make a race track shell out its own dough is sure of popularity as well as profits. That's why the boys were all crazy 'bout the Lady in Red, up New England way, two seasons back. Until the Lady in Red became famous as an author of minus pools at horse haciendas, she was the title of a popular song. Now she's just popular.

A Boston turf writer, covering Rockingham Park in Salem, N. H., in the summer of 1944, noticed one day in checking over the charts that there was a surprisingly large number of minus pools in the show payoff for winning favorites.

His reportorial instincts told him that the \$100 show window would be the most likely place to start inquiries. Sure enough, he had merely to mention his suspicions to the seller behind the window when that individual snorted:

"You're telling me! That's the Lady in Red. She's here every day, dressed in a red outfit, and she plays nothing but odds-on favorites to show. She's got us daffy, makin' up minus pools."

A minus pool occurs when such a large percentage of the money is bet on a winning horse

in any given pool—straight, place or show—that there isn't enough left in the pool to pay off the minimum prescribed by law. In some states, this is five cents on the dollar and in others, a dime. The racing association, which thinks it is more blessed to receive than to give, has to make up the difference in such cases and that's why a cheer went up for the Lady in Red.

The reporter tracked her down and found she was Mrs. Donara Mercuri, wife of a Roxbury baker. Starting with \$500 Mrs. Mercuri, playing her husband's selections to show, cashed 110 consecutive show bets which built her roll up to \$14,000. She was betting \$10,000 at a clip near the end of her streak. There's a story that the Lady in Red became the Lady in the Red when she tried out her infallible system at the Long Island tracks where odds-on favorites have a habit of finishing in the ruck. But that's not a happy ending for a story about an infallible system, even if that's the fate of system players.

The Lady in Red made race tracks pay through the nose. The Gentleman in Henna forced bookies to disgorge through the schnozzola. Paddy Barrie was his name—or Peter Christian Barrie to hand him his baptismal monicker. Paddy's infallible system, unlike the Lady in Red's, was out-

side the law. He was—and may still be—the greatest artist at ringing horses the turf has ever produced. His coups cost the race tracks and bookies of two continents a cool six million before his skill with the henna brush won him the vamoose from our Immigration Department.

"I never had any qualms about ringing a horse," said the little Scotsman when finally caught and ordered deported. "Certainly it is crooked but all racing is crooked. The game is full of thieves and I was only cheating cheaters."

When Paddy Barrie mentioned cheaters, he had in mind a number of species with which the turf abounds in lofty as well as lowly stations. At the top of the list come the breakage racketeers—smug, small-change snatchers whose pillage in New York State alone last year amounted to \$3,502,900.33. This chicken feed lost was split, 60-40, by the state and the racing associations. It rightfully belonged to the better, being the odd change over any multiple of five, in winning wagers, calculated on the basis of a dollar.

THIS racket was invented by race tracks, early in the days of pari-mutuel betting, so they wouldn't have to bother handling pennies in making their payoffs. Now it's a million-dollar grift. Other race track cheaters are trainers who tape lead into a horse's front legs or substitute

Illustrated by E. F. WARD

RACING GAMBLE

steel for aluminum plates on his hooves when they want him to lose; spongers who ruin a favorite's chances of winning by sticking a small sponge or rubber ball up one of his nostrils to impede his breathing; groomers who beat a horse with an iron chain so that the mere rattle of a chain before a race will send the poor animal out terror-stricken and ready to run his heart out; jockeys who use devices to scare mounts into giving extra speed, and horse dopers.

Paddy Barrie was familiar with all these cheap, mean ways of tampering with race horses. But, as a gentleman and artist, he chose the brush. Barrie had served time in England's ill-famed Dartmoor Prison for putting over the Jazz-Coat of Mail ringing coup, before arriving in America to pursue his artistic career. His work had even attracted the attention of the late Edgar Wallace, famed writer of mystery stories, who wrote "The Ringer" and "The Ringer Returns," in which the scion of the Edinburgh Barries was the villain.

WALLACE'S revelations sent Barrie on an ocean lam to Canada, and from there he crossed the border. With a fast little colt named Kalakaua which he bought for \$2,500 in Canada, Paddy was soon pulling off coups around Chicago where he raced his stepper under the name of Bobby Dean, a plug he had picked up. To do so, of course, Paddy had to paint Kalakaua so that he answered to the description of Bobby Dean.

A coup planned for Lincoln Fields on Labor Day, 1926, that went wrong when the track came up heavy after a long rain, compelled Barrie to flee to Cuba. There he raced Kalakaua under his own name until suspended for stimulating the horse. Then Paddy retired to a plantation and overnight changed a little mare, The Import, into a facsimile of Bellfont, a cheap plater. Soon thereafter, Bellfont's "comeback" amazed the Cuban turf and set the Havana track officials thinking. One day afterward Bellfont had scored another surprising victory, they dispatched veterinarians and detectives to her stable. There was the mare, covered with lather, awaiting their scrutiny. The experts spent an hour checking the horse against her identification papers but couldn't find any thing wrong. No wonder, Paddy had been tipped off that the stewards were going to order the examination and he had shipped the real Bellfont back into her stall and hustled the touched-up ringer off to a distant stable. To make the switch look authentic he had tossed a bucket of soapy water over the broken down Bellfont.

Barrie's masterpiece was the Shem-Aknahton ringer coup at Havre de Grace, Md., in 1931. He had bought Aknahton, a three-year-old chestnut colt, from Marshall Field for \$4,500.

Just to get possession of identification papers, Barrie next bought a billygoat named Shem.

Shipping the two horses from New York to Havre de Grace by van, Paddy set up his little charcoal stove, his henna and bleaching mixtures and other chemicals in a corner of the truck as it rumbled through New Jersey, and by the time the van had reached the Havre de Grace track, Shem had become Aknahton and vice versa. This involved drilling telltale marks from the teeth of Aknahton, the three-year-old, and cutting its gums, in order to make the colt look like a two-year-old, which had just shed some baby teeth.

The Governor of Maryland was among those present at Havre de Grace on Oct. 3, 1931, when Aknahton ran as Shem. The price board showed 52 to 1 on Shem even after "Nigger Nate" Raymond had bought \$2,500 worth of tickets on the supposed skate. George Widener's jockey, R. Leischman, without knowing he was being used in a ringer coup, accepted the mount on "Shem." The horse broke fifth but when Leischman touched him once with his bat, it was all over. He won by four lengths in 1:13.

"I thought I was on an airplane!" exclaimed the jockey when he got back to the winner's enclosure. "What a horse!"

Of course, the real clean-up was made away

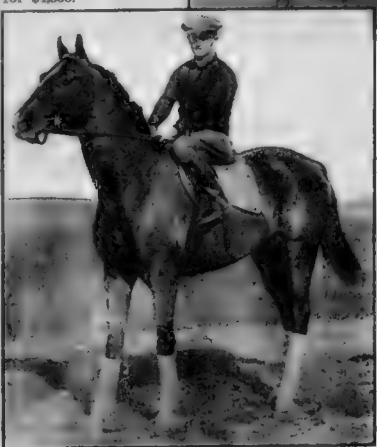
from the track in poolrooms from Coast to Coast. If Barrie's gangster associates bet all their money at the track where the coup was being pulled off, they would drive the price down. However, by spreading their money, in comparatively small sums around the betting parlors to be found in most cities, they would be able to get down a large amount on the ringer without arousing suspicion. If the sure-thing gamblers bet too much with any one poolroom, they also risked tipping their hand because any considerable sum showing up at a pool room on a horse that didn't stand a chance to win would cause the operators to notify their representatives at the track to dump the money bet on the suspicious horse into



Peter Christian (Paddy) Barrie—"My Only Regret Is That I Didn't Take Those Thieves for More Than I Did." Said the Maestro of the Henna Brush.



Paddy Barrie Could Make Shem (Above) Look Like Aknahton (Left) but Not Even He Could Make One Run Like the Other.



the pari-mutuel machines. This would also kill the price on the ringer. But there's a streak of braggadocio in almost every crooked gambler that makes him want to flaunt his "smartness" in the faces of others. So "Nigger Nate" Raymond just couldn't resist the impulse to show his wad of winning tickets on "Shem" to the turf writers, thus tipping off the coup.

Turf writers, growing suspicious when "Nigger Nate" displayed his wad of tickets on "Shem" questioned the honesty of the race and in a few days trouble broke loose. Barrie had shipped the two horses back to Jamaica when the scandal popped. Quickly transferring them to a livery stable on East 17th Street, he waited for the heat to be turned off, then vanned them to Crown Point, Ind. Trained by Pinks, he transferred the horses to a cow car and set off for the Chicago stockyards. En route he changed to another van. Selling Shem the bum, in Chicago, Barrie set out for Columbus in still another van with Aknahton. Then he decided that the very best hiding

place would be the last place the Pinks would expect to look for him—right near the scene of the "crime." So he shipped Aknahton to the Pimlico track, about 35 miles from Havre de Grace, going along himself as "the colored groom."

While at Pimlico, Barrie bought a broken down race horse named Gailmont and set to work accomplishing the "transmogrification" of two horses.

The job finished, Barrie, now a sporting gentleman named William Kane, set out for Agua Caliente with the new "Gailmont." At the Lower California track, Aknahton, which had won thousands for Barrie and his gangster connections as Shem, Sir John and Hickey, now enriched them further as "Gailmont." After making a \$75,000 haul in two races, which aroused the suspicions of the cage stewards at that merry-go-round, Paddy decided not to press his luck there. So, he pulled stakes and traveled back across the continent to Miami.

Barred at Tropical, Barrie, ironically, got stable space at Beautiful Hialeah, presided over by Joseph E. Widener, a pillar of the turf, since deceased. There, still running as Gailmont, Aknahton couldn't stand up under the hard footing of the racing strip and he broke down in the stretch while leading the field by a half dozen lengths. Their suspicions aroused by the speed the horse had shown, the track Pinks called in George Odom, Aknahton's first trainer, and asked him if he had ever seen the animal before.

"The conformation looks familiar but the coloring is different," he replied.

The Pinkertons called in a jockey who had ridden Aknahton and knew him like a book. "This is Aknahton without a doubt," said the jockey, pointing out a scar from an injury the horse had inflicted upon himself.

FINALLY, the law's long arm had collared Barrie. He immediately admitted his identity nor did he make any bones about the fact that he had been ringing horses all over America. There was no law against the practice then, so the only charge on which Barrie could be held was that of entering the country illegally. He readily admitted he had done this four or five times.

Bail was set at \$500—a bellyboy's tip for Paddy when he was flush, which he happened to be at the moment, so he forked out the dough and skipped off to Canada.

At Saratoga a few weeks later, Barrie was arrested on the charge of stealing a race horse but was exonerated. But, as a fugitive from the Immigration authorities, Paddy was impounded in a cell at Ellis Island to await deportation.

On Nov. 18, 1932, he sailed down the Bay headed for England. His parting words to ship news reporters were: "My only regret is that I didn't take those thieves for more than I did."

3 Delicious Juices That Wake Up Brand-New Enthusiasm For Breakfast!



What a *Helping Hand* in saving

time and trouble and cash...and in fighting
infections, colds, and fatigue...with abundant VITAMIN C

• What marvels they've done down in Florida lately... in putting up luscious fruit juices! Just taste the Florida orange juice, the grapefruit juice... and the delicious blended juice that combines the delicate sweetness of Florida orange juice with the juice of tree-ripened grapefruit. In handy cans, all ready for you to serve. All the squeezing and all the straining has been done for you down in Florida. Just open the can and pour.

And here is the best part of all. These delicious Florida juices are veritable gold mines of the vitamin C that's needed every single day in the year by young and old to fight infections, colds, and fatigue. So in these appetizing juices you have a helping hand not merely in saving yourself time, trouble, and money, but in protecting daily health. Reach for this helping hand today at your grocer's. You'll be mighty glad if you do!

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now available. Try them. They're delicious!

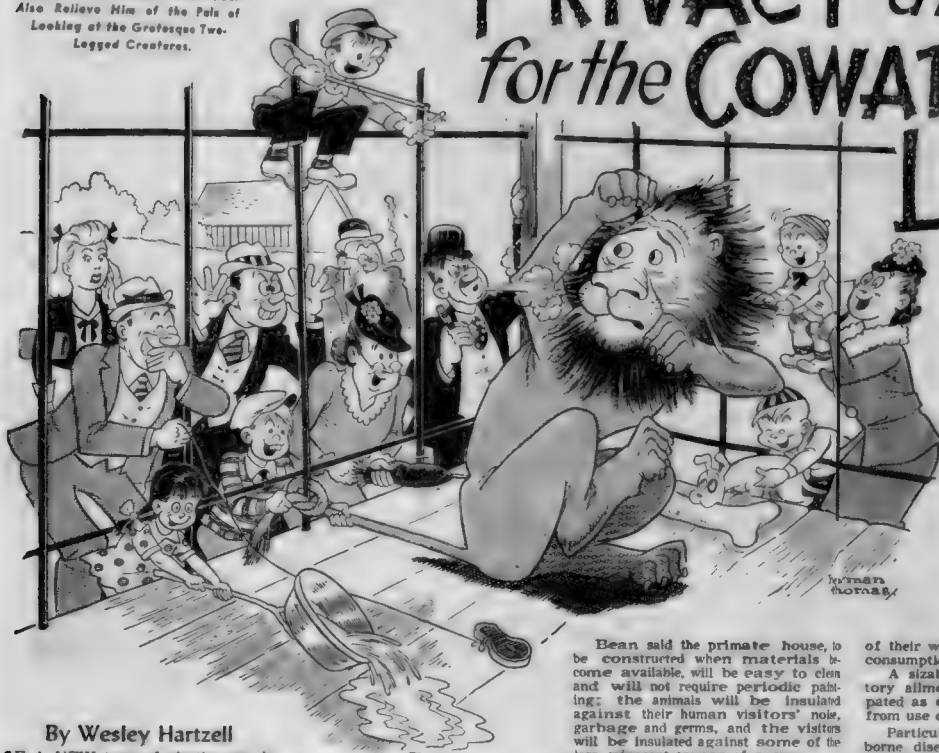


Canned
FLORIDA FRUIT JUICES

• FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION
Lakeland, Florida

New Plastic Cages Not Only Will Spare Leo From the Slings and Arrows of Outrageous Humans, but Also Relieve Him of the Pains of Looking at the Grotesque Two-Legged Creatures.

PRIVACY at Last for the COWARDLY LION



But with the one-way glass, it is hoped now that the platypus, spared the sight and sound of Junior gnashing his way through a bag of peanuts, may be persuaded to endure life in a cage.

The casual indifference with which many generations of Americans have observed the traditional zoo sign, "Please Do Not Feed the Animals," will be a thing of the past once the cages become a reality. Willie will have to arm himself with the throwing power of a bazooka if he wants to slip a prickly pear to the three-toed sloth or a persimmon to the sweets-loving peccary. And for once, peanut vendors will be able to gauge what proportion

of their wares has gone into human consumption.

A sizable decline in the respiratory ailments of animals is anticipated as one of the benefits arising from use of the plastic cages.

Particularly susceptible to man-borne diseases like colds, influenza and tuberculosis are the primates. Zoo keepers foresee great advantages in keeping the monkeys away from airborne germs and also from those on the half-eaten apple which eight-year Elmer may be inclined to throw between the bars. Most other groups of animals are not bothered by the germs.

The glassed-in coops, according to Bean, will save heat during the winter. He added:

"We can heat such cages easily without having to warm up an entire building. This will make it more comfortable to the public, which won't have to look at monkeys in an 80-degree temperature while wearing overcoats. We can make the cages 80 degrees, and the rest of the house considerably cooler."

In the Brookfield tests, the largest apes have been unable to crack the walls. The plastic is the same as that used in the noses and gun turrets of planes during the war.

The only bad feature, Bean declared, is that the plastic scratches rather easily.

Marks, however, can easily be filled in and polished over without too much work, and the animals themselves get used to the plastic after a few weeks and stop scratching it.

Furthermore, when they scratch the one-way glass they sometimes can see out at the humans.

"That," said Bean, "they don't like."

Interesting possibilities in animal behaviorism are foreseen with the widespread use of plastic cages. Will the great cats, seeing only the keeper who brings them their dinner, come at long last to regard man as benefactor rather than a mortal enemy? Will the serpents, identifying humans with the kindly soul who affords them bed and board, some day repent about that business in the Garden of Eden?

And, to carry the same general idea a bit further, will succeeding generations of zoo-bred animals, no longer in need of poison, claw or fang to secure food or afford protection, gradually lose their array of potent weapons? Interesting possibilities—but only time can supply the answers.

By Wesley Hartzell

IF A NEW type of plastic cage is widely adopted, animals in the zoo no longer will have to stare at funny-looking humans.

For the animals it will be one of the biggest breaks since Noah's Ark. The new cage, made from sheets of flexible glass, permits the zoo visitor to look in, but bars both sights and sounds—and germs—from outside. Other than the periodic visits of zoo attendants, the cage permits the animals to live in a world almost completely shut off from humans—a form of isolation with advantages both to inmates and spectators.

Tests of the new enclosure are now being made at famed Brookfield Zoo, near Chicago, and have attracted the attention of animal exhibitors all over the country.

So numerous are the benefits derived from the plastic-plated coops that Director Robert Bean, of Brookfield, believes eventually all iron barred cages will be dismantled.

One favorable factor is the toughness of the plastic, which will sun-plant glass in the snake pen. Strength is needed here not to control the snakes—Bean insists most reptiles are well-bred keepers of the peace—but rather to protect the public from the scatter-brained morons who, when the keeper is elsewhere, smash the glass cages and permit eight-foot cobras to mingle with the kiddies.

Plastic cages also will afford great savings in space. Currently, humans have to be kept at a considerable distance from some exhibits—again, as a protection for the selfsame show off who wants to shake hands with an enormous gorilla or determine if it's true that a black panther's fur emits sparks when it's rubbed the wrong way.

With plastic walls, humans no longer will be able to get chummy with pythons or poisonous scorpions, and there'll be no need for keeping spectators at a distance.

Monkeys, long celebrated for a sometimes devastating sense of humor, will not be forced to give up their favorite diversion: laughing at

the silly antics of humans.

For all the primates at Brookfield, there will be two-way vision cages made of transparent plastic, so that the monkeys will be able to look out on the hilarious passing scene. Many monkeys think there's nothing on earth funnier than a woman wearing a ring on her head, instead of eating it like any animal with a modicum of sense would do.

Bean said the primate house, to be constructed when materials become available, will be easy to clean and will not require periodic painting; the animals will be insulated against their human visitors' noise, garbage and germs, and the visitors will be insulated against some of the less pleasant aromas of a zoo.

The two-way vision plastic definitely will not be prescribed for the duck-billed platypus, the queer little Australian creature that would rather curl up and die—and always does—than live within sight or sound of humans. A cross between a bird and a mammal, boasting a bill like a duck and four legs and fur like a rodent, the platypus has never survived for long periods in captivity.



For the Great Primates Like Toto, the New Plastic Houses Will Provide Air Conditioning and Two-Way Vision. The Monkey Tribe Thinks Humans Are the Silliest Things on Earth.

Illustrated by HERMAN THOMAS

May 12, 1946

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 19



To Gold and Glory on Tagon Wheels

An Old Timer
Tells of the Stir-
ring Days When
the White-Topped
Prairie Schoon-
ers Spanned Half
the Continent and
of the Doughtless
Americans, Men
and Women, Who
Faced Incredible
Hardship and
Danger for the
Winning of the
West

up and started sleeping in turns, one of them always on watch to see if I dozed.

Toward morning the wind began rising, the forerunner of a sand storm. I had seen them be- fore and knew what to expect. They would just about blow the hair off a critter's back.

In a couple hours it hit in full force. Great dust and sandclouds swirled around the shack. The place creaked and groaned under the blasts like it was about to go down. I was afraid the guests were going to snuff out my lamp and give my captives the chance they had been looking for all night.

BY DAWN I was beginning to feel the strain. I counted on Ketchum being back by noon, but he didn't show up and he didn't show up.

By late afternoon I was rubbing tobacco in my eyes to stay awake. That worked for a while, then I nodded.

My prisoners saw their chance and pounced. They had me down and my gun gone before I knew what hit me. They tied my hands and feet and lashed me into a bunk.

At the curral the men ran into trouble. They couldn't catch their horses. Range horses weren't used to a man on foot. The greenhorns couldn't throw a lasso.

You had to have a horse to get out of that country so they were prisoners just the same. They were cursing and trying to drop a loop over a horse when Black Jack rode out of the storm with two men from the Bar-F. I was soon untied and our prisoners were back under guard.

The storm blew over during the night. Early next morning the Bar-F foreman and I started out with a pack horse to bring in the corpse.

Well, we hadn't gone far before I saw we were heading into trouble. The whole landscape had been changed by the storm. There wasn't a track or landmark any place. The bushes were Manning's body was left were completely hidden, covered by the shifting mounds of a wilderness of sand.

There ain't no murder when you haven't got a body," the foreman said.

I knew that, too. It would be my word against two others. That wasn't enough. We went back and spread the cards.

You men kin go," the foreman said, "an I'd do it pronto, 'cause I don't finger this climate as is very healthy for you."

They soon went a-hoof but they didn't forget how much I knew. A couple years later I was going north from Texas to Wyoming with a trail herd of cattle. We bedded down one night near the little outpost of Mohla.

The trail riders all stormed in to whoop it up. A poker game for high stakes was going in one of the bars. Jim Wilson, an old friend, and I dropped in to watch the play.

Sitting at the table with just about all the chips in front of them were the two men who had murdered Manning. Soon after they spotted me they cashed in the stacks and left.

Jim and I followed them out. We had gone only a few steps when Jim gave me a shove as he yelled "Look out!" There was a flash in the darkness. I knew damn well that the an- noid stuck into the wall lines behind me.

We looked our six slinkers anything in the dark. The ren- egades reached their horses and got away.

Jim and I parted com- pany soon after the murder at the line camp. And soon after that he was riding high, wide and reckless on the outlaw trail, the head of a mighty tough band of bad and left.

Black Jack came as a high- wayman to an end with a bullet through his chest. A "V" riding with him that day were his brother, Lull, Dutch Cassidy, a brother of the famous Hole-in-the-Wall outlaws, Elza Lay, and George Kilpatrick.

The robbers ran into plenty of flying lead. The train con- ducted a fellow named Har- rison, was no green hand with a sixshooter himself. When the shooting was over Kilpat- rick was dead and Black Jack was still on his feet, but still could ride as he felt.

Sheriff Jeff Farr took up the chase with a posse. There was another hot fight. When the smoke cleared from that set- tle Bill Ketchum and the salaried men were dead. Lay had a bullet in his arm, but he and Black Jack were taken alive and safely escaped.

It didn't take long to find Ketchum guilty. They dropped him through a gallows out at Clayton, New Mexico.

Another one of the west's notorious outlaws was in Boot Hill.

(Next week Mr. Dodson will tell you the story of the man who turned killer when a sister swore a curse on his life.)



From Stagecoaches Black Jack Graduated to Trail, and One Fine Day They Dropped Him Through a Gallows Out at Clayton, N.M.—From a Contemporary Photograph.

By Billy Dodson
(Pioneer Plainsman, Cowboy and Trail Driver)
CHAPTER III

IT WAS pretty hard sometimes to tell an outlaw from any of the rest of us in those early frontier days.

Everybody packed a six shooter. One or usually two of Mr. Colt's pet pacifiers went with a man's gun up, just the same as a pair of pants. You didn't figure you were dressed without one.

Of course, that didn't mean everybody was trying to fill a private graveyard. You had to have them for protection. Sixshooters were the law, and the only law, when the old west was young and wild.

For that reason the shootin' iron wasn't the exclusive trademark of the outlaw. I reckon we all looked pretty bad.

Some of the western renegades were sort of natural born desperadoes, but most of the bad men I knew were just fellows who got on the wrong trail through a saloon fight, a gambling hall scrap, or a camp-fire fracas that ended in gun play. Once outside the law they usually stayed there until they ran into a noose or too much lead.

I remember a time when I spent two months with an outlaw who later was strung up for train robbery. That was Tom "Black Jack" Ketchum. He wasn't a bad sort, either. Just a cowboy gone wrong.

He started on the wrong side of the law when he held up a Wells Fargo stagecoach. Seemed to like it. Gun in each hand, mask over his face, bark- ing orders. From that he kind of graduated to the train robbery that cost him his life.

While we were together we landed right in the middle of a frontier murder mystery that got me a mortal enemy for life.

I was riding for the K-Bar Ranch out in the

Black Jack Ketchum Started on the Wrong Side of the Law When He Held Up a Wells Fargo Stagecoach and Seemed to Like It—Gun in Hand, Mask Over His Face, Barking Orders.

Staked Plains country of New Mexico. After the spring roundup was over the boss told me to cut my string of horses and go out to a line camp. That was the day of the open range. It was no job to keep our cattle from drifting, getting too far away, and keep herds from other ranches from getting all our water.

"Man from the Bar-F will be there in a few days to help you," the boss told me.

That line camp was about the most desolate spot I ever was in, a one-room shack stuck out in the middle of the Staked Plains.

The man from the Bar-F rode in a couple days after I arrived. He was "Black Jack" Ketchum. I knew him by the name of Tom. I had heard some tall tales about him, but it wasn't smart to ask too many questions in the old west if you wanted to stay on top of the rod.

The same day Ketchum rode up three strangers pulled in, riding a buckboard wagon and leading a string of horses.

Well, a man with the blind staggers could see they didn't belong in that country. Their outfit was brand new and they were wearing shoes instead of boots. One was dark, one blond, and the third fellow was a frail, sickly-looking sort.

I whipped up some sour-dough biscuits and cut some steaks off a quarter of beef I had killed for fresh meat. When supper was over they didn't lift a finger to help with the dishes. That branded them as tenderfoots, too. It was a violation of the prairie code. I didn't like it.

They began asking questions about some Indian ruins in the sand hills north of the camp explaining they were from some historical society back east.

I never had heard of any such ruins and neither had Black Jack.

Anyway, the three started out through the sand hills the next morning on horseback. Ketchum and I rode a horse apiece and got ready to wait out here.

"What do yuh make o' them fellers, Billy?" Black Jack asked.

"I had my ideas but I didn't answer."

"Bet they're up to some dirty work," he went on. "Ain't no Indian pueblos up in them hills an' that little feller looked plum scared about somethin'."

Late that afternoon two of the men returned. The frail one wasn't with them.

"Has Mr. Manning come in yet?" one asked.

"I haven't seen him."

"That's funny. He complained of feeling bad and turned back to camp while we went on lookin' for ruins. He's sickly, you know."

Manning didn't show up all that night.

While I was fixing breakfast next morning Ketchum motioned to me from the corral fence.

"TOLD yuh them homies was up to somethin'," he said. "Th' little feller's horse came in dur- ing the night. Had slipped its bridle. An' here's blood all over th' saddle."

Back at the camp shack I told the two strangers what had happened.

"Poor Manning," the dark one said. Must have had another hemorrhage. Let's get started as soon as we can."

Before they left one of them called me aside.

Illustrated by MATT CLARK

"What do you know about your partner here?" Was he in sight all day yesterday?" We stopped at the Bar-F Ranch on our way here an' heard some talk about this fellow. They say he's a danger- ous man."

Black Jack had been off alone all day, but I didn't say so. I didn't figure he was mixed up in this.

"I don't know what you're drivin' at," I said. "Ketchum's done his work here. That's all I ask."

As soon as the riders were out of sight I said: "I did my best horse and swung off north into the sand hills. It was no trick to follow the trail they had made the day before. The tracks of the three horses wound out through the hills for some miles."

There was a place where the trail passed a dense clump of bushes. My horses suddenly stood I stopped. Then I saw a well trodden spot where a horse had been tied. A bridle hung on a branch.

I slipped out of the saddle and began investi- gating. I hadn't taken a dozen steps before I spied Manning's body. He had been shot in the back and dragged into the clump feet first.

It was dark when the two strangers returned to camp that night. I had told Ketchum what I'd found. Somehow I didn't figure he had held a hand in that killing.

As the two men walked into the cabin the dark one spoke:

"We combed these sand hills for miles, but couldn't find any trace of our friend any place."

"Reckon you didn't look in the right spot, stranger," I said slowly. "I rode out there today, too. And I found Manning—shot in the back, right where you fellows left him."

The pale west then their six-shooters, but Black Jack and I gave them a little demonstration of how to pull a six gun when you are in a hurry. We had the drop on them before they could draw.

Their hands reached for the r a f e r a. Ketchum took their guns.

"I'll guard these men," I told Black Jack, "while you hunt for the Bar-F and get help."

There was a dividing line the middle of the shack where the floor had been patched to- gether. I told my prisoners there would be lead flying if they stepped across their side of the line.

WELL, Ketchum was hardly out to break me before the strangers started in to snipe me down or catch me off guard.

"There goes your kiltie, a fellow known all through this country as a bad man," they argued. "You hold us here with guns on us and give the guilty man a chance to get away."

You hold us here with guns on us and give the guilty man a chance to get away. The pale west then their six-shooters, but Black Jack and I gave them a little demonstration of how to pull a six gun when you are in a hurry. We had the drop on them before they could draw.

A STRAIGHT FACE for Junior



When They Were Nine Both Boys Suffered From the Crooked Teeth and the Improper "Bites" Dentists Call Malocclusions.

By Iris Johnson

CHILDREN with protruding teeth or receding chins—serious mouth malformations that may ruin their whole outlook on life if not corrected—are only extreme examples, it seems, of a somewhat alarming trend in dental evolution.

Eighty per cent of the boys and girls in our modern civilization, Dr. Leuman M. Waugh, well-known New York orthodontist, estimates, need some attention from the specialist who straightens crooked teeth and corrects imperfect "bites," known to the dentist as malocclusions.

Because all human jaws are growing shorter, generation after generation, crowded teeth are becoming more or less inevitable. Then because we are the product of a melting pot of races, many children inherit extra big teeth from the racial strain of one parent, and small-sized jaws from the other.

Add to this the fact that nowadays few civilized people eat the "new" foods that give your jaws enough exercise to encourage muscle and bone development, and the result is that Nature is exacting a toll in misshapen jaws and faces.

Jaws that are out of balance and teeth that don't mesh properly, like a set of gears, are likely to cause

pyorrhea, and this is the orthodontist's main reason for straightening teeth and changing the position of jaws. Improvement in looks is something the patient gets in addition to dental health.

Many of today's cases of tooth irregularity and poor mouth formation, however, can be corrected early in life, merely by breaking the youngsters of harmful habits such as biting the lips, pushing the tongue against the teeth, sucking the cheeks or the thumb (over a period of years) and sleeping with the face pillowed on the arms.

Sometimes special exercises are all that is needed.

But just as use of the intricate—and individualized—straightening appliances should be left strictly to the orthodontist, remedial exercises and elimination of bad habits should also come under his supervision.

He may find mouth-breathing, caused by some nasal obstruction, the root of your child's tooth ills and refer the case to a specialist in the treatment of nose ailments. Poor food habits or glands that don't work properly sometimes cause oversized or undersized jaws and poorly shaped dental arches that only an expert would recognize in the early stages.

That is why it is important for parents to take the child who shows

signs of malocclusion, or tooth irregularity to an orthodontist at once.

"They must not be disappointed, however, if he merely makes a plaster cast of four-year-old Johnny's mouth, takes some X-rays and photo-

graphs and says he'll see the boy again in about three months to find out what Nature has done in the meantime. This process of waiting and watching, with or without exercises, may go on for several years.

Today many specialists feel that putting braces on a mouthful of baby teeth is a mistake. After all, it is the condition of the permanent teeth and the full-grown jaw that is important for the patient's health, good looks and happiness.

Even though baby teeth have been brought into perfect alignment, Dr. A. C. Totten, head of the Division of Orthodontics at Columbia University's School of Dental and Oral Surgery, explains the second teeth may erupt in complete disorder and the work may have to be done all over again.

He recommends keeping the young child under observation until the boy or girl nears adolescence—from about 11 to 13—before any mechanical appliances are used. Sometimes changes in gland functioning at this time cause malocclusions to disappear

In a recent report to the American Dental Association Dr. Milo Hellman explains how time and money actually are saved in waiting. In several instances where orthodontic work was started when the child was 11, or thereabouts, the job was completed in about one year. In contrast, when treatment began at three, four or five years the patient was still wearing braces 10 years later.

No orthodontist will guarantee to correct every case of malocclusion.

There is no doubt, however, that many children whose dental deformities could have been cured have gone unaided in the past either because their parents didn't understand or couldn't afford the treatments.

Now efforts are being made to bring the orthodontist's services more nearly within reach of the average pocketbook by the establishment of orthodontic clinics. At the School of Dental and Oral Surgery, Columbia University clinic, about 1,000 patients are treated each year at cost.

Parents without funds can have their children treated for serious cases of malocclusion through aid from the State Department of Health in New York State, and it is reported that other states recognizing the importance to health and mental well-being of correcting mouth malformations are considering similar aid.

With a big enough financial boost—and constant vigilance—present and future generations may still be the owners of good-looking mouths.

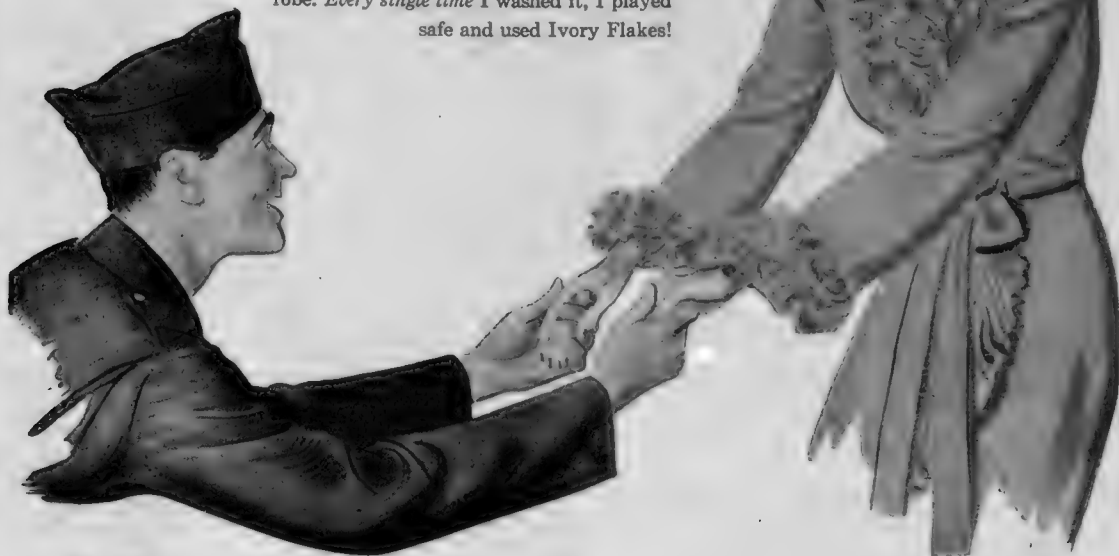
An Orthodontist Saved Tom's Teeth Troubles and Now He's the Life of the Party, but Dick Was Left to Grow Up With His Jaw Deformity—and the Fate of the Wallflower.



'Just like I pictured you...even to the color of that robe!'

"Those were Bill's very first words! What a husband! Away for two long years—and right off the bat he notices what I have on.

"Guess I'm not so dumb! Bill was always one to notice my duds. That's why I made *plenty* sure the things he liked would keep their glamour. Take this pretty robe. *Every single time* I washed it, I played safe and used Ivory Flakes!



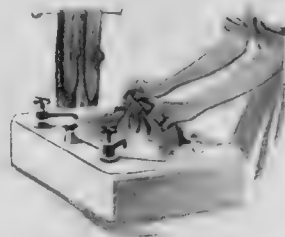
'Don't let bright memories fade!' When something you're wearing makes a man's eyes light up, why not keep it pretty?

"It's so *easy*! Avoid rough treatment. And *never* use the wrong kind of soap. Just stick to gentle care and pure, mild *Ivory Flakes*. That way, pretty sudsables stay bright and lovely up to *twice* as long! It's true! It's been proved—by wash tests on bright prints, stockings, sweaters, filmy undies!

'Remember—make gentleness the rule!'

Take a tip from those wash tests if you want your pretty things to lead a double life. It's as easy as this:

"Every night, swish undies and stockings through gentle Ivory Flakes suds. And give all your other washables frequent tubbings in lukewarm water and Ivory Flakes. Ivory Flakes, remember, are 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure—just like baby's Ivory Soap!"



*Head for
TWICE the WEAR with
IVORY FLAKES CARE*

Uncle Sam says save soap! Please don't waste a flake of pure, mild Ivory Flakes!

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Disappearing Bones



When the Boy Complained of a Pain in His Right Collarbone the Doctor Thought It Was a Simple Sprain.

EIGHTEEN-year-old Herman Northrup's agony is at an end, but the strange disease that caused his bones to disappear remains an unsolved mystery.

Son of William Northrup, a Ravenna, N. Y., farmer, Herman was the youngest of six healthy children. He was 14 in August, 1942, when his trouble started. He tried to jump a low wire fence but his foot caught and he fell.

Herman complained of pain in his right collarbone. The doctor said the injury probably was just a sprain and put a brace on the injured bone.

"Toward spring we noticed that his shoulder was beginning to sink in," Herman's mother said. "We took him to a hospital in Albany, N. Y. It was a terrible shock to us when the doctor said that Herman's case was hopeless."

IT WAS no small shock to the doctors, either, when they saw the first X-rays. It was something that just couldn't happen—a right collarbone literally disappearing without trace. The only thing to do was to send him home. Early in March, 1943, Herman was back in the hospital, the disease having spread to his right ribs. One of several interested physicians operated.

He removed a section of one rib at a point where there apparently was good bone and some that was disappearing. Microscopic examination showed nothing, but slides were sent to medical authorities

throughout the eastern United States. Not one of them was able to help.

Medical literature, the doctors say, shows only one or two vaguely similar cases, the latest occurring perhaps 10 years ago.

PRESUMABLY the bone was being absorbed without being replaced. All the doctors can do is theorize. It may have been that this condition was due to some rare tumor. Or it may have been a circulatory disturbance, or some upset of the central nervous system interfered with the normal bone-building process.

With every sign of infection lacking, there was no point in trying the sulfa drugs, or penicillin. Vitamin therapy was used, but when enormous doses of all kinds failed that treatment was discontinued.

The physicians had not expected Herman to live through last summer but death did not occur until this year. By that time the boy was in such pain he was kept under morphine.

The disease had progressed so far that the right collarbone and upper right ribs had disappeared entirely. This caused the chest to sink in and left the right arm attached to the body only by flesh. The vertebrae of the neck were disappearing, too, leaving the spinal cord exposed.

Microscopic examination of samples taken at an autopsy has not been completed yet but since previous samples showed nothing, little hope is held that these will disclose much.

Popular Powers model
DONALD DEVLIN
says "This is the way Mom makes milk a super treat!"



DONALD DEVLIN, model for John (Robert) Powers. Also, stage and screen actor.

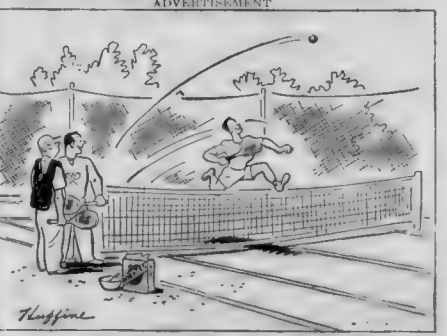
Don's another eager young rooster for Bosco! He's learned that delicious chocolate-flavored Bosco makes milk taste "super." And Don's always ready for Bosco-and-milk—for such a busy boy craves good nourishment! Your children, too, will smack their lips over milk—thanks to treat-making Bosco! Get Bosco soon—a delightful surprise for them!

Bosco adds Iron and Vitamin D, too! Mothers! Bosco is more than a chocolate-flavored syrup to make milk taste delicious! Just four tea-spoons in the "daily quart" supply both the Iron and Vitamin D a normal child must get every day. Because Bosco is a syrup, it stirs right in... blends smoothly with milk. And Bosco is so economical! Ask your grocer for a jar. Your child will be thrilled!



Today's Bosco is the same high quality product as ever. You may not find it at your grocer's or all times due to sugar shortage, but when you do—what a satisfaction to know you're getting the best!

ADVERTISEMENT



"Bill doesn't need an opponent for his workouts since he's been eating Wheaties."

What's the idea? It's the "Breakfast of Champions" idea! Wheaties with milk and fruit are famous as a champion's dish. So, when you start your day with Wheaties, you feed yourself big ideas. And maybe you carry them thru. Give it a try. Wheaties—that's it!



"Adds a Welcome Note of Hospitality
ROMA Sherry—Favorite of My Guests"

says ELSA MAXWELL



So Simple To Serve On Any Occasion
A Taste-Luxury Everyone Can Afford
...ROMA CALIFORNIA SHERRY

Gracious entertaining is so easy, so inexpensive with ROMA California Sherry. Smart hostesses everywhere serve delicious ROMA Sherry as first call for dinner...later, too, for friendly evening gatherings.

A glorious, golden-amber wine, with tempting fragrance and mellow, nut-like taste, ROMA Sherry enriches happy hours at home...makes a perfect partner for a quiet hour of restful reading...for pennies a glass!

Like all ROMA Wine, ROMA Sherry is a true wine, crushed from choicest grapes grown in California's finest vineyards...then, unburiedly, guided to taste-perfection by ROMA's ancient wine-making skill. Bottled at the winery to bring you unvarying goodness, always. Enjoy the finest! Get ROMA Sherry today...made in California for enjoyment throughout the world. Now selling at the lowest prices in years!



Add Warmth to the Welcome with ROMA Port



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ROMA ESTATE *Vines*

© 1946 ROMA WINE COMPANY • LODI • HEALDSBURG • FRESNO — CALIFORNIA



**"Everything's going fine,
Mother dear..."**

Brave little soldier that she was, she didn't mention the lean meals, the lonely nights and, worst of all, the disheartening turn-downs she got in her daily hunts for a job in the big city. With a college education and a year of good experience she never dreamed of failure. Yet she was beginning to think that there was some sort of a jinx hanging over her... and, to tell the truth, there was!

Other abilities being equal, the girl whose breath is beyond reproach gets the call over a rival with halitosis! (unpleasant breath)...and this applies with equal force to men.

Don't Take Chances

When you're after a job isn't it foolish to take chances of offending when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful precaution?

You simply rinse the mouth with it, and almost immediately

your breath is sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. You go to your appointment with a far greater feeling of assurance.

So, before any date—business or social—be sure to use Listerine Antiseptic.

Never, never make the mistake of taking your breath for granted. It may be all right one minute, all wrong the next and you may not know when. So get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** for oral hygiene

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BY INCREASING VITALITY

Develop magnetism and charm while reducing. Start building a more alluring personality now for your summer vacation. All this can be accomplished when you reduce by increasing vitality. Send for Bernarr Macfadden's \$1.00 brochure on reducing, or subscribe to his new magazine "How to Reduce Stories" only \$3 yearly—and get FREE this helpful, interesting unusual brochure. Results guaranteed or your money back! Write today to:

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☐ \$3.00 for Subscription to How to Reduce Stories plus FREE Brochure.

NAME..... CITY.....
ADDRESS..... STATE.....



No-Peek Taxis

THE next time you see Paris, a new type of taxi cab will be among its many attractions.

In former years, Paris taxis were a standing joke among American visitors because of their antiquity and rattletrap condition. And returning GIs have boasted facetiously of having ridden in some of the identical cabs that carried to the front the



Riders in the New Cabs Will Have Complete Privacy.

famous "taxicab army" which turned the tide for France in the great 1914 Battle of the Marne.

Recent wartime stresses, however, have sent to the junkyard most of the old Paris taxi fleet, and new models are coming out that don't stop with the inclusion of new engines and softer seats.

These new de luxe jobs also have windows with one-way vision. Passengers can look out, but outsiders can't look in. "Discretion glass," the tactful French call it.

Such glass has been used before in glass-walled modern homes and in some police headquarters, where detectives find it helpful to study a criminal without the suspect's knowledge. But until now it never figured in automotive design.

The new cabs are described as squat and compact, with the driver's seat set forward right behind the radiator. There he'll have a clearer view of the road ahead—and no view at all of his passengers, because there'll be a panel of "discretion glass" between him and them.

In view of the traditional sentimental influence of the City of Light, there can be little doubt that the "no-peek" cabs will prove popular with the customers.

Started Life With Two Teeth

A PRECOCIOUS and far-sighted youngster is Judith Anne Hewitt, born recently in the English village of Hebburn-on-Tyne. Somebody must have whispered to Judith that teething is one of the toughest periods of a baby's life, for the infant managed to have two pearly teeth already clear of her tiny gums when she was born.

The neighbors think that she is a very considerate child, since that will mean less fretting for Judith, less worry for her mother—and a quieter neighborhood for all.

Mrs. Hewitt, incidentally, revealed that she herself was born with two teeth.

May 12, 1946

MORE THAN AN INK...

IT PROTECTS PENS!



**Only Parker Quink
contains solv-x!**



NO CLOGGING,
NO GUMMING!

1 Ordinary high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen ills. Quink with solv-x ends gumming and clogging. Keeps your pen free-flowing always.



CLEANS
PENS AS
IT WRITES!

2 Smooth, brilliant Quink with solv-x actually cleans as it writes... helps keep your precious pen out of the repair shop.



DISSOLVES,
FLUSHES
AWAY
SEDIMENT!

3 Solv-x (available only in Quink) eliminates all sediment left by ordinary inks. Your pen starts instantly... ink flows smoothly.



ENDS RUBBER
ROT, METAL
CORROSION!

4 Parker Quink with solv-x prevents the rubber rot and corrosion of delicate metal parts caused by ordinary high-acid inks.

Keep your pen free from trouble. Next time, ask for Parker Quink with magic solv-x! In 4 permanent, 5 washable colors, at 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also pens and querts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X



MURDER!

By Peter Levins

HAD the alarm been sounded 10 minutes later, the whole house probably would have been destroyed. As it was, the firemen confined the blaze to a shed which jutted out from the rear of the dwelling on Hawley Crescent, London.

Neighbors hanging out of their windows could see the darling flashlights of the firemen as they poked among the ruins, seeking out every smoldering ember that had survived their hoses. What had promised to be a most exciting event was soon over; the windows were closed against the January cold; the children who had gathered reluctantly returned to their lessons or their sluggish preparations for bed.

The neighbors soon learned that it really had been an exciting event, after all.

A man had died in the shed! His name was Samuel Furnace, a sort of odd job builder who'd maintained an office there. He'd been overcome by the smoke and flames right at his desk!

The next morning's papers—Jan. 4, 1933—ac corded the tragedy only a few lines. Samuel James Furnace, a builder and decorator of Crogsland Road, Chalk Farm, had been burned to death in his office in Hawley Crescent, Chalk Farm Road, N. W. A neighbor was quoted as remarking that "the fire must have been very rapid." Mr. Furnace, the reports added, left a widow and three young children.

His features had been terribly seared, yet various persons, including his father-in-law, a brother and two friends, were able to identify him readily enough from the shape of the forehead, a hand deformity, high cheekbones and height.

All of which might have ended the matter in an inadequately policed community. But this happened in London, where the routine steps in such a case include a post-mortem examination. This one was performed by Dr. John Taylor.

The doctor quickly discovered something. What he discovered caused Scotland Yard to sit up and take a keen interest in the Mystery of the Blazing Shed. He reported, in brief, that the fire victim had been shot three times. Moreover, all three shots had been fired from the rear! In other words, here was a homicide.

Supt. George Cornish, one of the Yard's top sleuths, questioned the widow and other members of the Furnace family, as well as neighbors along Crogsland Road. But none could offer any explanation for the murder.

The Landlady and Her Daughter Were Astounded When the Plainclothesmen Burst In to Arrest the Lodger They Had Been Pampering—Far More Surprised Than He Was.

who had known the builder. He was Walter Spatchett, 26, a rent collector, who had vanished on Monday, Jan. 2. Employed by T. B. Westcott & Son of Camden Road, N. W., a firm for which Furnace had done a few jobs, Spatchett, a bachelor, had lived with his parents, a brother, Robert, and a sister, Amy.

The missing man had led a most regular life, Cornish was told. That he might have been overcome with the urge to commit murder impressed his family and employers as incredible.

Tracing the builder's last known movements, detectives established that he had been seen on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 3d, three or four hours before the fire. Usually he returned home early in the evening; when he had not appeared, Mrs. Furnace had called his office but received no answer.

Where had Walter Spatchett been on Tuesday, the 3d?

Detective Cornish, at this point in the inquiry, felt called upon to make a number of measurements—more routine measures, one might say. Then he called in Sir Bernard Spillsbury and Dr. Roche Lynch, famed medical experts, and they made a further examination, assisted by Dr. Taylor. Result—they reported that the body found in the shed could not have been that of Samuel James Furnace.

"If we had nothing else to go by," they told the sleuth, "the height of the body would convince us. Furnace was 5 feet, 10½ inches, while the body—"

"The body was shorter," said Cornish.

"That's right."

"About 5 feet, 8?"

"Right. Had you measured it yourself?"

"No," Cornish replied, "but I have been making certain inquiries about a man named Walter Spatchett. He was also 5 feet 8."

Members of the Spatchett family viewed the remains and made a positive identification. Mrs. Furnace, already convinced that her husband had died in the shed, refused to agree with them. "If that wasn't Sam," she asked, "then where is he?"

Where indeed! "Spatchett collected a large sum in rents on Monday," Cornish reported at headquarters. "He banked some of it early in the afternoon, but he must have had at least £40 on him when he called on Furnace. Moreover, I have learned that Furnace had a life insurance policy good for a lump sum of £800 and about £80 a year for 18 years."

On Thursday, the 5th, officers burst into a boarding house in Camden Town in response to a tip that a man answering Furnace's description had been living there under the name of Roy Rogers. The landlady, Mrs. Maude Wolfe, said that Rogers had left less than 20 minutes before.

He did not return, but he sent a telegram. The message asked Mrs. Wolfe to send him some articles he had left in his room. It came from Southend, which is on the North Sea, east of London. The Southend police, contacted at once, learned that Rogers had taken a room in a local boarding house, left a deposit, then left.

He did not return.

Next they learned that he had gone to another

It Looked Like One Kind of Tragedy When They Found the Body of the Builder in the Ashes of His Office, but It Turned Out to Be Another Kind, With Another Victim

boarding house in Southend and remained there for the night. In the morning, the landlady's daily paper, featuring a photograph of Furnace and a full description, had been delivered, but the landlady had been ill during the night and hadn't scanned the news as early as usual. Once she did see it, she got to a telephone with all speed.

By the time the police got there, the suspect had left. He did not return.

However, this time he left a telling clue: Furnace's overcoat. A local store reported that the fugitive had purchased a light trench coat.

Hordes of police officers poured into Essex County and Southend. They combed the woods, guarded the roads, interviewed boarding house keepers, bus drivers, restaurant owners and other tradespeople. Furnace was reported as having been seen in a score of places, all at approximately the same time.

"We are drawing in on him," said Cornish. It is easy—and pleasant, too—for us to imagine ourselves in the role of a great detective, tracking down his man. It is not so easy to put ourselves in the role of that other character in such a real-life melodrama—the fugitive.

Let us go back to Saturday, Jan. 7.

On that day, a tall, pleasant-seeming man visited the boarding house of Mrs. Charlotte Susan Shaw on Whitegate Road, Southend. He told her that he'd just come through an attack of flu, and that his doctor had recommended a week or so of sea air. Mrs. Shaw rented him a room on the second floor, where he wrapped himself in blankets and began reading detective stories.

However, Mr. Farmer, as he called himself, didn't seem to get any better during the next several days. Mrs. Shaw attended him constantly, bringing him nice things to eat, keeping the fire going in his room, seeing that he had enough blankets, etc.

On Tuesday, the 10th, the kindly landlady suggested that he move to the front room downstairs, as that would save her quite a lot of steps in the course of a day. The new boarder did so.

In the beginning, he read merely the newspaper that came to the house. Later on he ordered three evening papers to be delivered to him.

Once he said he was glad his room looked on the garden. "I like trees and flowers," he said.

Later—Friday the 13th—he mailed a letter.

On Sunday, at 3:15 p. m., five plainclothesmen entered the house by the rear and seized Samuel James Furnace as he sat reading by the fire.

He had been traced by means of the letter. Grilled at Kentish Town police station, he admitted he had been present when Spatchett was killed, but insisted it had been an accident.

Spatchett had come to his office on Monday, Jan. 2, to see about some work for his firm, he said. While they were talking, Furnace took his revolver out of the desk and showed it to his visitor, who promptly cocked it.

"Careful—it's loaded," Furnace had warned. "You had better see to it," Spatchett responded, handing over the gun.

With that the gun went off, the prisoner told his skeptical listeners. "I realized my position and lost my head," he said.

On Jan. 16, crowds gathered in front of Marylebone police court, having heard that Samuel Furnace, the murderer, who'd given the police such a run for their money, would be arraigned that morning. Quite a while passed, and there was no sign of the prisoner. Inside, while the crowd waited, the following scene was enacted.

"Charge No. 22, your worship," said the jailer, as Magistrate Bingley sat at his desk writing. "Samuel James Furnace."

His worship did not look up.

"Samuel James Furnace reported ill, sir," said the jailer.

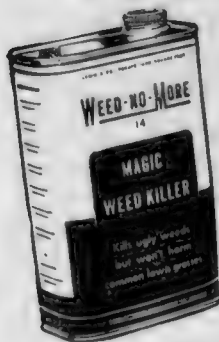
His worship went on writing: Samuel James Furnace was very ill indeed. That morning, right before the eyes of a police constable on guard outside his cell, he had swallowed a quantity of a corrosive substance that is frequently used in household cleaning. The dose proved fatal; he died in agony 24 hours later.

The police had taken, as they thought, every precaution against suicide, but they had failed to examine the hem of his new trench coat. That was where he had concealed a small vial containing enough stuff to send him writhing into the hereafter.

Next week another case in which the disposal of a body proved too difficult for the frantic murderer.

Illustrated by SEYMOUR BALL

\$1 RIDES YOUR LAWN OF UGLY WEEDS!



WEED-NO-MORE

Magic Weed Killer

Destroys Ugly Weeds but Won't Harm Common Lawn Grasses!

Now you can enjoy a beautiful weed-free lawn for only \$1! The 8-ounce lawn-size package treats 1600 square feet!

WEED-NO-MORE kills dandelion, plantain and other ugly weeds—yet won't injure soil.

Get it today! Rid your lawn of ugly weeds for only \$1. Just spray on... WEED-NO-MORE!

No more back-breaking digging—just apply Weed-No-More with sprinkling can or sprayer.

THE OLD WAY!



THE NEW WAY!



On Sale at Paint, Hardware, Garden Supply, Department and Drug Stores

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THE AMAZING NEW WEED KILLER

Made by THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co. Cleveland, Ohio

If you suffer from
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Here's Comforting
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You Get
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BLUE-JAY with Nupercaine

1. INSTANTLY stops shoe-pressure pain, thanks to soft Dura-felt pad
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3. GENTLE medication loosens hard "cure"—you just lift it out in a few days.

Get this triple-action relief with America's largest-selling corn plaster. Two sizes: Standard and Little Toe. Also special Blue-Jay Soft Corn Pads. At drug and toilet goods counters. Don't accept substitutes—insist on Blue-Jay! For more serious foot troubles, see a chiropodist.

Foot Health Week, May 18-25

Have Happy Feet with BLUE-JAY Foot Aids

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Blue-Jay Callus Plasters
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Blue-Jay Foot Powder
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Gentlemen of the Press

"GREAT newspapers," writes Paul Gallico in next week's issue of The American Weekly, "are sometimes made by the calibre and the courage of the men who edit them, by the quality of the stories that break—sometimes by both these factors."

And then he takes his audience back to 1910 and tells, in his highly readable fashion, the story of the



The Colored Mammy Rushed Into the Bedroom and Found Her Mistress Dead.

society tragedy that started a tottering Southern newspaper on its way to success.

"Two pistol shots were fired," says Mr. Gallico. "Two fine and socially prominent people died. And two newspapers died with them."

This stranger-than-fiction saga of one of the nation's outstanding dailies will be published in two parts and is the first of a series of topflight yarns about gentlemen of the press that you'll find absorbing.

TWO American doctors have demonstrated that relief from intolerable pain, too excruciating to be eased by narcotics, can be brought about by delicate operations on the brain. It is the same type of operation that has, in recent years, cured many heretofore hopeless cases of insanity.

In the next issue of this magazine Robert D. Potter, its science editor, describes this operation and presents some case histories to show the seemingly miraculous results achieved by our finest surgeons.

This important story of modern surgical magic is written in plain words that all of us can understand.

THE Eskimos of Northern Canada, figuratively as well as literally, are sitting on top of the world. It was the war that filled the pockets of their fur parkas with cash because the wartime search for new sources of oil and minerals opened up several oil wells and mines in their chilly habitat. What happened when prosperity suddenly hit the frozen Northland is told, with humorous understanding, of Homer Croy in the next issue of this magazine.

HERE are the answers to the Who Are We pictures on Page 12: 1, Bette Davis. 2, John Dillinger. 3, Winston Churchill. 4, Thomas E. Dewey.

Amazing New Antiseptic Deodorant **Actually Checks Perspiration** **Yet is Safe for Skin!**



DOES NOT ROT CLOTHES . . . Because of Duratex, New Safety Ingredient Found Only in Veto!

Veto—Colgate's cream deodorant—is different from any deodorant you've ever used before! Because it contains Duratex, an exclusive new safety ingredient—Veto does not rot clothes! Veto is safe for any normal skin! It spreads and rubs in easily, is easier to use! It stays moist in jar. So use Veto regularly, to stop odor, check perspiration—safely! 10¢ and larger sizes. Drug and cosmetic counters.



Colgate's VETO

Stays Moist In The Jar!



APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS Better Fabrics Bureau



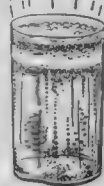
THANKS TO FAST-ACTING BROMO-SELTZER

At the first sign of a headache, take Bromo-Seltzer. It's pleasant, fast-working. Bromo-Seltzer fights ordinary headaches three ways:

1. Helps relieve headache
2. Helps relieve upset stomach
3. Helps quiet jittery nerves

... that may combine to cause trouble. Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore counter or fountain today! Four convenient home sizes. Compound-ed since 1887.

EFFERVESCES INSTANTLY PLEASENT TO TAKE FAST—WORKING



For **FAST** headache relief
always take **BROMO-SELTZER**

A PRODUCT OF EMERSON DRUG COMPANY SINCE 1887

FOR
DEAF PEOPLE
New!
Help!

PARAVOX
ONE CASE, ONE CORD
HEARING AID

Outstandingly free from
cord and case noise.
NO SEPARATE BULKY
BATTERY CARRIER
Comfortable in summer
and winter—easy to carry
—no extra wires—just
one case and one cord.
Clear amplification—wide
range of tones—replacement
of sound of natural
voice—quantified for con-
venience of hand detection.
NEW SERVICE PROGRAM
Satisfactions
from the Paravox replaceable
Aids—
to face—no bothersome loose parts.
Directed by the Council on Physical
Therapy, American Medical Association
PARAPHONOGRAPHIC AID, INC.
2003 East 4th St., Cleveland 15, O.
Sellers of one case, one cord
vacuum tube hearing aids since 1942

A New RINSE
Specially Made for
BLONDES!



Rinses On and Washes Off
As Easily As Make-up

Blonded! When hair is dull and faded,
try BLONDEX GOLDEN RINSE, the
new "highlight" fine made specially
for blondes. Brings lovely new luster
and adds the little extra touch of
color blonde hair often needs. Safe—
not a permanent dye or bleach—washes
off as easily as make-up. BLONDEX
GOLDEN RINSE is made by the mak-
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selling blonde shampoo, sold at all
good 10c, drug and dry stores.

DOES ALL 3

- ✓ Bleaches Down
FRECKLES...
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Of Dried Outer Skin

OTHTHINE is a delicate, natural
skin treatment...
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OTHTHINE is the only skin disinfectant...

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**Quilted ASBESTOS
MITTS**

...they last twice as long

These asbestos mitts for
hand heat and cold...
They are made of...
They are made of...

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(In Canada, Safety Supply Co., Toronto)

Feet Killing You?

READ THIS! When feet are tired
and aching, get quick, happy relief
the tested Cuticura way! 1. Bathe
them with Cuticura Soap. 2. Mas-
sage with Cuticura Ointment.
3. Dust Cuticura Talcum between
toes and into shoes. For FREE
Ointment sample, write Cuticura,
Dept. A-124, Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Clever Girl Make the Sand-
Wich Jacket and Skirt on Page 36

Mysterious River

THROUGH a beautiful val-
ley in Montana, between
the lofty Sapphire Moun-
tains on the east and the
Bitterroot Mountains on
the west, runs a shallow
little river of mystery. For
nearly 50 years scientists
of the United States Public
Health Service have been
trying to discover the secret
of its strange power of life
and death. The secret re-
mains unsolved.

When the white man
came to Bitterroot Valley
a hundred years ago he
found all the Indians living
on the eastern side of the

children who caught the
disease.

The settlers on the east
side of the river, as the
Indians had predicted, con-
tinued to enjoy the best of
health. Not a single case
of this "hot fever" appeared
among them. Nature in some
mysterious way seemed
to have devised Bitterroot
River as a barrier against
the spread of the disease.

To this day this aston-
ishing situation of health
and death existing on the
two sides of the river has
remained.

The scientists of the



Many White
Settlers on the
West Bank of the
River Fall Sick With a
Strange, Terrifying Fever.

river. They said they lived
there because the western
side of the river was inhab-
ited by evil spirits who
caused a strange illness and
sudden death. In spite of
all inducements no Indians
could be persuaded to cross
the river. They thought
those who did were crazy.

The newcomers laughed
at these stories of evil
spirits on the western side
of the valley. On both sides
of the river one found the
same soil, the same vegeta-
tion, the same wild animals.
Many white settlers built
their homes on the western
side of Bitterroot River.
Then an amazing thing
happened. These settlers
were quickly afflicted with
a strange and terrifying
disease.

First there were chills
with an aching head, which
soon developed into a
raging fever which was
fatal to those over 60
and killed about half the

United States Health Ser-
vice discovered some years
ago that the disease is
caused by a certain form
of hard-shell tick, the bite
of which may be as deadly
as a rattlesnake. They have
also discovered a vaccine
which greatly reduces the
danger from the disease.

But they do not know
why the ticks on one side
of the river are harmless,
while the ticks on the other
side are virulently infected.
These ticks are constantly
crossing the river on the
bodies of animals.

Why is it that the cross-
ing of a river by a virulent
tick makes it harmless,
while the crossing of a tick
to the west side transforms
it from a harmless creature
to a deadly enemy of man?
Scientists have no answer
to this baffling question.
To them the Bitterroot
River remains the most
mysterious river on the
face of the earth.

Electronic Fences for Fish

LAKES can now be "fenced
off" like farm fields—
through the use of elec-
tronics—and fish, like
penned cattle, kept within
definite areas.

The newly-invented elec-
tronic fish fence is a boon
to hatcheries and invaluable
for keeping fish away from
water intakes and irriga-
tion projects.

The fence consists of one
or more rows of metal rods
—that serve as electrodes—
through which electrical im-
pulses are sent to set up a
charged barrier in the
water. Any fish attempting
to swim through the
"fenced" area gets a mild
and harmless shock that

sends it scurrying back.

An electronic generator
produces the impulses at a
relatively rapid rate, and the
resulting current wave
turns back both large and
small fish, simultaneously
and without harm—an im-
possible feat with an ordi-
nary electric current, which
would kill the smaller ones.

Experiments with the
electronic fence have been
carried out at the Pennsylv-
ania State Fish Hatcheries
at Pymatung Lake. It has
been particularly successful
in keeping young fish from
migrating to open water
where they would be likely
victims of fishermen or
larger fish.

"SOAPING" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will
leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
2. Even furthest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dull soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!



Reveals the Hidden Beauty of your Hair!



I found
my
dream
perfumes
in
Park & Tilford
FAMOUS
PERFUMES

Perfumes that will make your dreams come true! Each one is exquisite... luxurious... yet not extravagantly priced. You'll adore them all: No. 3, Adventure, Desire, Lilac and Gardenia. \$1.00 and purse sizes at all smart perfume counters.



IT'S BEAUTY-WISE... TO GLAMOURIZE... WITH
PARK & TILFORD PERFUMES & COSMETICS
FACE POWDER: "COLOR-KEYED" TO YOUR COMPLEXION
COLOGNES: IN SIX EXQUISITE FRAGRANCES
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MAKE-UP: IN FOUR FASHIONABLE SHADES
PERFUMED DEODORANT: LIQUID—SO EASY TO APPLY

THE NEW REYNOLDS "400"

the pen with the sliding ball-protector

*is built and guaranteed to last a lifetime ...
contains 10 to 15 years supply of ink for normal writing*

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

to write at least **4 YEARS** *without refilling*

The new Reynolds "400" again scoops the pen industry!

4 Wonderful New Features

1. Unconditionally guaranteed to write at least 4 years without refilling.
2. Convertible into a man's or woman's pen. Extra top in package. No extra charge.
3. New "midnight blue" Satin-flo ink gives more legible, smoother writing.
4. New sliding ball-protector covers ball point when not in use... it clicks with a flick!

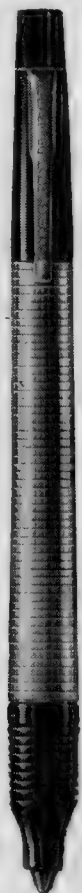


Click! It's ready to write, no cap to remove.
Click! It's ready for pocket or purse, no cap to replace.

\$12.50

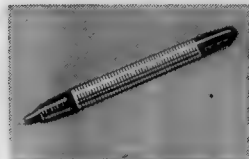
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Now Reynolds... the fastest selling pen in the world... takes another forward step in pen perfection, announces the new Reynolds "400" with the longest writing guarantee in history. Styled by a famous designer, quickly converted for use by men or women, this handsome pen is precision-engineered to last a lifetime. It is unconditionally guaranteed to write smoothly, evenly for at least 4 years without refilling. Here's the pen that outdoes all other forms of writing, meets every purpose of a pen or pencil set. See the revolutionary new Reynolds "400" at your dealer's today. You won't be satisfied until you own one.

Reynolds International Pen Company
1550 N. Fremont Street, Chicago 22, Ill.
Canadian Plant, Oshawa, Ontario, Can.



Convertible for Miss or Mrs. America. Each Reynolds "400" Pen comes with an interchangeable top for conversion to women's model.

1. Writes on wet surfaces and under water.
2. Dries as it writes—no smearing.
3. Writes clearly through 6 carbons.
4. Writes high in the sky.

GUARANTEE Every tested Reynolds "400" Pen contains normal 10 to 15 years supply of "Midnight Blue" Satin-flo ink. Ink supply unconditionally guaranteed to write for at least 4 years from date of sale. Service is guaranteed for a lifetime whenever pen is returned with 35 cents to the factory.

Letters to the Editor

Subject for Debate
Bronx, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I am a college student and am preparing for a debate on the Anti-Visitation Law. Your magazine has crusaded for the passage of this law and I would appreciate any information you may be able to send me.

Bernard A. Fox.

(Student Fox has been sent three American Weekly articles on the subject of his debate: "Torture the Reward of Man's Best Friend," "Laws to Assure Dope Heroes' Welfare" and "Animal Torture Worthless to Science."—Ed.)

Requests to Reprint
Buffalo, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I would appreciate permission to use "Ads to Save Souls," which was printed in The American Weekly, in the Western New York FORTH, a church publication in this diocese.

Eleanor M. Wheelock,
Editor.

New York City

Dear Sir:

We like "How the Rothschilds Saved Their Riches," and "Tax Heat Melting Those Famous Fortunes" very much and would like to have permission to reprint them in an early issue of FACTS, or our other magazine READ.

Henry Lee,
Editor-in-Chief.

Bouquet for Accuracy
New York City

Dear Sir:

Your article on the National Hospital for Speech Disorders which appeared in The American Weekly was very well done, and I have heard many complimentary comments on it. I want to thank you for taking the time and trouble to get the correct information and work it up so well.

James S. Greene, M.D.,
Medical Director

King Tut's Curse
Troy, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

You have been running in your magazine a story dealing with the opening of King Tutankamen's tomb. I am most desirous of obtaining the complete "Stela of Malediction" referred to in one of these articles.

Helena Maria Von Mueller.

Here is the curse in full:
O ye beings from above,
O ye beings from below,
Phantoms riding the breasts of men, ye of the crossroads and the great highways, wanderers beneath the shade of night.

"And ye from the abysses of the West, on the fringes of twilight, dwellers in the caverns of obscurity who arouse terrors and shuddering, and ye walkers by night whom I will not name, Friends of the moon and all ye intangible inhabitants of the world of night.

"O people, O denizens of the tomb, all of you approach and be my witnesses and my respondents.

"Let the hand raised against my form be withered. Let them be destroyed who attack my name, my foundations, my effigies, the images like unto me."

32 May 12, 1946

IN THIS ISSUE—

THE ATOM BOMB'S TERRIFYING TEST

Great winds will race, deadly radiation wreak havoc and the temperature will rise 1,000,000 degrees when and if the atom bomb test is held to determine the fate of navies in the Nuclear-Era.

On Page 4

REINCARNATION OF CARMEN

The great-granddaughter of the operatic heroine's real life model, herself once an opera star, is back with the gypsies who had tried to kill her.

On Page 6

CHEMISTRY'S NEW FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

A synthetic potion is found to delay the aging process and in the future average men and women may live past 100.

On Page 10

PRAYER IN THE PRIZE RING

Among fighting men, prayer is a potent force, as has been told in previous issues of The American Weekly relating the experiences of the late Gen. George S. Patton and Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker. Now Jack Sharkey, former heavy weight champion, discloses its place in the prize ring.

On Page 11

THE LADY IN RED

The lady in red—she made race tracks pay through the nose, but Paddy Barrie, great artist at ringing horses, took at least \$6,000,000 from both tracks and bookies.

On Page 16

TO GOLD AND GLORY ON WAGON WHEELS

An old timer tells of the stirring days when the white topped prairie schooners spanned half the continent and of the dauntless Americans, men and women, who faced incredible hardship and danger for the winning of the West.

On Page 20

These Are
Just a Few of the
Many Articles
That Appear in
This and Every
Issue of
The American Weekly.

*It's true! Crisco makes
LIGHTER,
RICHER CAKES!*

CRISCO CHERRY TOP SPICE CAKE

Now Crisco cakes are lighter, richer, flatter, tenderer! This new method recipe is designed for cake flour, should not be used with emergency flour.

Measure into mixing bowl.

2 cups cake flour

(sifted before measuring)

1 cup sugar • **½ cup Crisco**

1 tsp. salt • **1 tsp. cinnamon**

½ tsp. cloves • **½ tsp. nutmeg**

½ tsp. allspice • **¼ tsp. soda**

½ cup milk • **½ cup molasses**

Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself):

2 tps. baking powder*

Add: **2 eggs (unbeaten)** • **½ cup milk**
Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Pour into pan (8" x 12" • rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30-35 minutes. Crisco has a baking secret. It makes cakes lighter than the most expensive shortening. With Crisco — only with Crisco — we promise you a better eat — all round from this recipe! Frost top of cake with fluffy white icing. Decorate with rows of cherries. Use citron or green r m drops for cherry stems. All Measurements Level

*Double-acton or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, (Baker Girl, K.C., etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 3 tps.

Parties are bustin' out all over
since this good news got around...

Crisco
improves all 3
Cakes, Pies, Fried Foods

*It's a Fact! With Crisco,
FLAKY PIE CRUST
EVERY TIME!*

CRISCO CHERRY TARTS

2 cups pitted sour red cherries • **½ cup sugar**
½ cup red cherry juice • **4 tps. quick-cooking tapioca**
1 tsp. lemon juice
Full recipe Crisco Pastry

Line 5 or 6 tart shells or muffin pans with Crisco Pastry, rolled thin. (Now it's a cinch to get flaky, tender pie crust every single time! You just can't miss if

you're sure to use Crisco and follow the easy Pastry Method on the Crisco label!) Combine cherries, cherry juice, sugar and tapioca in saucepan; bring slowly to a boil. Remove from stove. Add lemon juice and let cool. Pour into unbaked shells. Top with pastry strips. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) for 10 minutes; reduce to moderate (375°F.) and bake from 25 to 30 minutes. All Measurements Level.

*What a Find! Crisco for
LIGHT, DIGESTIBLE
FRIED FOODS!*

CRISCO HAM 'N' YAM BURGERS

2 cups mashed sweet potatoes • **3 tps. milk**
1½ cups ground cooked ham • **1 tsp. salt**
4 tps. brown sugar • **¼ tsp. pepper**
1 tsp. dry mustard

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Shape into flat, oblong croquettes (makes about 8). Coat with crushed cereal flakes. Slowly pan-fry in hot Crisco till golden brown. (Scared fried foods will upset the family?)

Don't worry! Foods fried in pure, all-vegetable Crisco, not only taste better—they're as digestible even children may eat 'em.) All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.

CRISCO COOK BOOK—Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. A, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for the 64-page "Recipes for Good Eating." Offer good in United States.

Crisco is America's Largest Selling Vegetable Shortening... IT'S DIGESTIBLE!

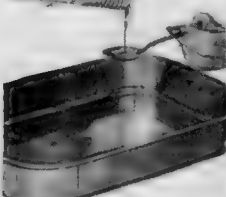
HERE'S HOW TO MAKE

RICH BROWN GRAVY

No matter how weak looking and pale your gravy is—



just add Kitchen Bouquet. Adds color—brings out true meat flavor, too.



Saves Time • Saves Money, Too!

Want to be known as a champion Gravy Maker? Here's all you do.

Simply add Kitchen Bouquet—blended of 13 vegetables and choice spices. It adds that deep brown appetizing color. It brings out—magnifies—wonderfully enhances the true rich taste of the meat.

It's magic—for gravy, stews, meat pies, croquettes, hash, etc.

NOTE: To minimize shrinkage when roasting meat, keep oven "LOW." Merely "brown" roast with Kitchen Bouquet and add a little to the gravy—it gives both a gorgeous "brown."

KITCHEN BOUQUET

It Makes the Gravy Delicious



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SWEATER GIRLS!
KEEP WOOLENS LIKE NEW, USE... Woolfoam

Leaves sweaters, blankets, all woolens soft, fluffy—wonderfully clean! All colors stay bright—the most delicate fibres stay alive!

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By FLORENCE BROBECK Women's Editor

ALMANAC fans are getting married by the dozens this summer. And their friends are planning gay shower and announcement parties for them—that's what their letters say, every day as June comes nearer.

"But what shall we serve? Is ice cream and cake enough? And where will we get the flour and other things for cake this summer, with the shortages?"

Ice cream and cake are enough to serve for these get-togethers which friends of the bride so generously plan. And cake of some kind is possible, depending on several factors. Big city bake shops still make cake; big city grocers still sell packaged cake; so do many of the baking and grocery companies which distribute to their outlying customers in smaller cities, towns and crossroads stores.

There is some flour at the grocers and some fat and shortening. But if you can't buy much of these essential cake ingredients,

and have little sugar, you can still make a one-layer cake, cut it in squares, rounds and other shapes, and ice it with honey or molasses icings, nuts and fruits.

Bought cup cakes and other cake can make attractive hospitality, if you select with care and arrange the platters as attractively as if you made the dessert in your own kitchen. The bakery and grocery store cup cakes and pound cake, iced at home with thick

Bridal Shower Parties



Serve Tea or Coffee or Iced Fruit Drinks With Ice-Cream and Cake.

Household Almanac

frosting, will make guests exclaim with as much praise as the homemade sweets.

Ice cream can be bought at the corner drug store, the bake shop and in various outlets in your community. Or make your own. If there is little sugar, try these quick and sure recipes using sweetened condensed milk. For its sweetness and smoothness, adding fruit, chocolate, nuts, or other good things for variety.

water. Heat the milk and cream and add honey; mix well. Add the gelatin slowly, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Thoroughly chill this. Then pour it into a freezer with the crushed candy and freeze it. Use salt and ice, one part salt to four of ice.

This is even better if a square or two of unsweetened chocolate, cut in small pieces, is added before the freezing begins. Eight or more servings.

Apricot Mousse

- 2 cups canned or cooked apricots
- 1½ cups honey
- 1 lemon, juice only
- 2 egg whites
- 1½ cups cream

Drain the canned or cooked dried apricots and rub through a sieve. Add the honey and lemon juice. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and then the whipped cream. Pour into a refrigerator tray and

freeze without stirring. This serves 10 to 12.

Walnut Molasses Ice Cream

- 3 egg yolks
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1½ cup molasses
- 1 cup milk
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 1 cup cream or chilled evaporated milk
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 cup chopped walnut kernels

Combine the well-beaten eggs, salt, molasses and milk. Place in a double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring till the mixture begins to thicken, about 15 minutes. Remove from the heat and let cool, stirring occasionally. When cool stir in the vanilla and fold in the cream or chilled evaporated milk which has been whipped with the sugar. Fold in the chopped nuts. Freeze in the refrigerator like the vanilla ice cream. Six servings.

Menu Ideas

FOR a pink and white shower, why not the vanilla ice cream, topped with crushed strawberries; or strawberry ice cream, small squares of cake iced with pink or white frosting? Use a pink damask or plain linen cloth, matching napkins, pink and white china, and if the shower is a late afternoon or evening party, pink candies. The bouquet in the center of the table should contain pink flowers, too. Don't forget pink and white mint candies on this table.

The honey peppermint ice cream would be effective with chocolate cup cakes iced with chocolate; use a pale green and white color scheme for your table.

Try the walnut molasses ice cream with butterscotch cookies or plain loaf cake. A soft beige color, apricot and light green color scheme would work out beautifully with these.

The apricot mousse sug-

for Showers

gests orange blossoms and their white, golden and pale green colors as the keynote for the table and its accessories.

Sugarless Icing

TO ICE bought or home-made cakes without touching the summer's scant sugar supply, use:

- 1 egg white
- ¼ cup honey
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Beat the egg white and salt till stiff enough to hold in peaks, but not dry. Pour the honey in a fine stream over the egg white, beating constantly until the frosting holds its shape. (Beat about two and one-half minutes with the electric mixer, or about four minutes by hand.)

This makes about two and one-fourth cups of frosting or enough to cover the tops of two eight- or nine-inch layers or 16 large cup cakes.

Easy Ice Cream Recipes

THIS vanilla ice cream is perfect as a base for other frozen desserts.

- ½ cup sweetened condensed milk
- ¼ cup water
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla
- 1 cup cream or evaporated milk

Mix the sweetened condensed milk, water and vanilla. Chill it. Add the cream or evaporated milk, and mix well. Freeze rapidly in the freezing unit of your automatic refrigerator till half-frozen. Then scrape it from the freezing tray into a chilled bowl. Beat it till smooth but not melted. Replace it in the refrigerator and continue to freeze it. Before completely frozen, beat once more. Let it finish freezing. This makes five servings. Allow three or four hours for the entire freezing, depending on the speed of your refrigerator.

To Serve With It

SERVE plain with cake or cookies; or topped with crushed berries or any fruit; or with chocolate or butterscotch or maple sauce.

If you are low on sugar, buy sauce already to use at the grocery store or candy or cake shop. Or make sauces and toppings of honey or molasses, or use some of your last summer jams and jellies for sweetening frozen desserts.

In the strawberry ice

cream, quick-frozen berries may be used.

Strawberry Ice Cream

HERE'S another recipe calling for a little sugar.

- ½ cup sweetened condensed milk
- ¼ cup water
- 1 cup crushed ripe strawberries
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 cup chilled cream

Mix the sweetened condensed milk and water. Add the strawberries with the sugar. Chill this. Then add the cream. Mix well. Freeze rapidly in the freezing unit of the automatic refrigerator till half frozen. Scrape this from the freezing tray into a chilled bowl. Beat till smooth, but not melted. Replace in the tray and return it to the refrigerator. Before the mixture is completely frozen, beat it again till smooth. Finish the freezing. This serves five.

Vary this by adding blueberries, raspberries, cherries, ripe peaches or banana, or any favorite canned or fresh fruit, or berries. Red raspberries are superb in the recipe.

Honey Peppermint Ice Cream

- 1½ teaspoons gelatin
 - 2 tablespoons water
 - ¼ cup milk
 - 2½ cups cream
 - ¼ cup honey
 - ¾ cup crushed peppermint stick candy
- Soak the gelatin in cold



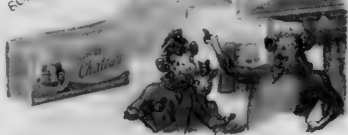
"But, dear, everyone knows who wears the nose ring in our house!" cried Elsie

"OH, THEY DO, do they?" mimicked Elmer, the bull. "Then, why do folks point at me and say, 'There goes Elsie's husband'?"

"But, angel," protested Elsie, the Borden Cow, "everyone knows you're the head of the house, and a wonderful one, too."

"Oh, I am, am I?" snorted Elmer. "Then, what's your face doing on practically every package that Borden's puts out? Why isn't mine there? Why are people always writing

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE FLAVOR-RICH, PROTEIN-RICH!



you, and not me? Why do they sing about you on the radio—?"

"Now, calm down, darling," soothed Elsie. "After all, Borden's makes foods. And who knows most about foods? . . . Why, the housewives! So, it's only natural that when they put a face on a package, they put my face on. And even when they don't put my picture on the package, they always put on that good, old Borden name. And folks really look for that name when they want foods they can depend on to be top-quality, always the same. Just take the name Borden's on Borden's Fine Cheeses—"

"You take the name," haw-hawed Elmer. "I'll take the cheese. And make mine Borden's

Chateau. There's cheese food with real he-man flavor. Ought to have a he-man's picture on it—mine, for instance."

"That's a fine idea, Elmer," said Elsie, "but it's a little late to change things. And, anyhow,

MAKE GLORIOUS CREAM SAUCES WITH BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!



I think you'll agree with me that a cow's picture is a little more appropriate on a product like Borden's Evaporated Milk. That's the milk so many doctors approve for infants. It's now richer than ever in Vitamin D—400 units to the pint."

"Aw, go peddle your vitamins some place

GET YOUR VITAMINS IN THE NEW "MILK-CHOCOLATY" HEMO!



else," mumbled Elmer. "I'm not having any."

"But, dear," cried Elsie, "everybody needs lots of vitamins every day. And the very nicest way to get them is in Borden's Hemo. It's a

glorious, milk-chocolate flavored drink that just teems with vitamins and minerals . . . food elements 3 out of 4 of us may not get enough of in our daily diet."

"Who's talking about diet?" exploded Elmer. "I'm hungry. I want to eat."

"Yes, Mr. Boss," smiled Elsie, "I'll bring you a snack and with a good name on it, too. You see, I feel the way most women do: a maker's

NEW BORDEN'S INSTANT COFFEE— FULL-FLAVORED AND SATISFYING!



name is a sort of shopping guide. Without it, we'd be buying a pig in a poke."

"How in thunderation did pigs get mixed up in this?" stormed Elmer. "One minute you're telling me you don't want to run things, and the next, you're running away with the conversation. And you're always heading in one direction—Borden's."

"That's the very best direction to take," said Elsie, "when you're looking for really good coffee. For the new Borden's Instant Coffee is coffee as coffee should taste! It's rich and full-bodied, you make it in an instant, and no

GREAT TREATS, BORDEN'S ICE CREAM— GREAT FOOD!



grounds for complaint, if you know what I mean!"

"Grounds," warned Elmer, "if you don't turn off that Borden record."

"But, Borden's has a wonderful record," said Elsie. "When people see Borden's on a bottle, or a jar, or a package, they know they're in for the finest eating. For instance, Borden's on Ice Cream stands for the best in luscious, nourishing refreshment. Real food, too."

"Lay off, woman!" ordered Elmer. "If I'm the head of the house, I ask you—I command you—to get me something to eat, pronto! And make it good!"

"Certainly, darling," fluttered Elsie. "And it will be good—if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!



© The Borden Company



"I GOT
the RECIPE
for
beautiful
baby skin"

"Here's the recipe: Sprinkle mild, soothing Mennen Aniseptic Baby Powder on baby's skin every day, for lovelier skin, glowing with health. Mennen is smooth—that means extra comfort. It protects better against diaper rash, urine irritation, many other troubles. No wonder more doctors prefer Mennen than any other baby powder. And new scent makes us babies smell so sweet!"

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for Baby—

MENNEN



TAN MORE BEAUTIFULLY, SAFELY, COMFORTABLY... new beauty secret—mothers rave about their beautiful sunbuns (and baby's, too) with soothing, protective Mennen Aniseptic Baby Oil. Try it yourself now—best for baby, best for you!

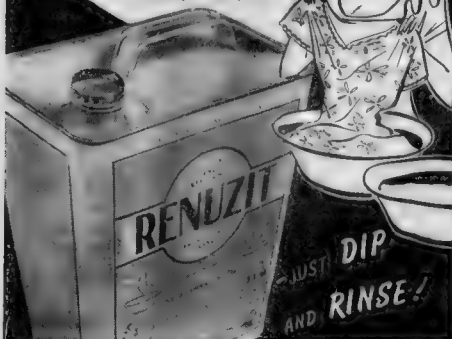
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with **RENUZIT!**

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• You save time, work and money by dry cleaning everything at home! "Dip and rinse" wearables for fresh-as-a-daisy results! Use as a handy spot remover, too! Also, to dry clean rugs, upholstery, etc. It's so easy, you're an expert right from the start—and it's safe for use in your home!

In 2 Gal. 1 Gal. & Quart Sizes
At Leading Stores Everywhere



For a Spring Menu

HERE are two easy recipes for spring menus.

Chicken and Celery Casserole

- 2 cups chopped celery
- 4 tablespoons chicken fat
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup chicken stock
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup water drained from the celery
- 2 cups diced, cooked chicken
- 1 cup corn flakes

2 teaspoons melted butter
Cook the celery till tender; drain it, saving the water in which it cooked. Heat the chicken fat, stir in the flour, salt and pepper. Gradually add the chicken stock, milk and celery water. Cook till thickened, stirring constantly.

Spread a layer of chicken in a greased casserole. Add a layer of celery, another layer of chicken and repeat till all is used. Pour the sauce over the top. Sprinkle with corn flakes which have been crushed fine and mixed with the melted butter or margarine.

Bake in a hot oven (400 Deg. F.) about 10 minutes or till hot through. Six serv-

ings in this big casserole.

The second is a chicken and almond soufflé.

- 1/2 cup fine bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup sliced almonds
- 3 tablespoons margarine
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup rich milk
- 1/4 teaspoon dill seeds
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup chopped cooked chicken
- 2 eggs

Mix the bread crumbs and almonds. Add one tablespoon of the margarine and toast together gently in a warm oven. Meanwhile melt the rest of the margarine in a heavy saucepan. Add the flour, mix smoothly, add the milk, dill seeds and salt. Stir over low heat until smooth and thick. Remove from the heat. Add the toasted crumbs, nuts and chicken. Mix well. Add the beaten egg yolks and mix.

Whip the egg whites till light and fold the yolk mixture into the egg whites. Pour into a baking dish with inside bottom greased. Set in a pan of hot water.

Bake in a moderate oven (325 Deg. F.) about 40 minutes, or till puffed and brown, and a knife blade inserted comes out clean.

BACK RECIPES FOR NEW ALMANACKERS

If you missed the good recipes published in past months, here's a chance to get them reprinted in easily usable form. Order them by name! Send a three-cent stamp for each one you want:

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PATTERN 3810—Use new fabric—or "Makeover" plus remnant. Sizes 14-20, 32-42. Size 18, 2 yds. 36-in., 3 yds. contrast.

PATTERN 3088—The plawheel square is lovely! No. 30 cotton squares the 15 in., heavier for 16 in. Directions, stitches.

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It's delicious
...it's fragrant
it's Derby flavored!

The finest
barbecued meat
you ever bought
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Control Your Figure



By SALLY YOUNG

THERE are no short cuts to reducing body measurements. It will take hard work. Don't be impatient and expect results overnight. Some of the beauty experts recommend doing exercises one hour a day, preferably a half hour in the morning and a half hour at night. If you want quick results. But this is a strenuous program; at least ten minutes, regularly and systematically every day will bring results. Make up your mind to enjoy your exercises and do them with pleasure. They won't do you any good if you are grim about doing them.

Your goal should be to work off excess fat and to look trim. But don't set your standards to be those of the little slip of a young girl next door. Consider your type, natural bone structure, general proportions and age. Middle-aged women should not indulge in strenuous exercise. Diet, mild stretching and massage are the best reducers for this age group.

Posture

VERY often bad posture is the cause of making you look fat. Stand erect with your stomach in, back straight, chest up, shoulders relaxed, head high. You'll feel better and look trimmer

right away, and it is the first step in your measurement reducing program.

Wearing a properly fitted girdle, corset or other foundation garment will help considerably to keep your abdominal muscles in control. Besides these garments smooth and hold in the tummy and hips. This is especially advisable for women who have just had babies and are worrying about their figure; mild exercise is permissible for young mothers but consult your doctor first.

Stretching is an excellent aid in your figure molding program. You can practice it many times during the day in addition to your regular exercise. While you're waiting for the tea kettle to boil, doing the housework and even while you are in bed. Stretch from top to toe so that all the muscles are brought into play.

Girls who sit at a desk all day have a problem in keeping hips slim. Be sure to sit erect, not slumped, and be conscious of good posture while sitting as well as standing. Walk to your office if it's not too distant, or walk whenever you can at noon and in the evening. Standing, whenever you can instead of sitting, will help the hips, too.

Here Are the Exercises

HERE'S a four-point exercise recommended by the beauty director of a famous salon, to help reduce the thighs, hips, tummy and waist.

Lie down on the floor on your back and stretch your arms out at shoulder level. Pull your bent knees up on your chest. Keeping your knees bent, drop your knees toward the floor to the left of you. Make sure at this point that your right shoulder is flat on the floor.

Keeping your knees bent, pull your knees bent on the floor up to your left elbow. Now, keeping your knees together, raise your knees back over your chest again. Do this exercise now to the right and then to the left. Repeat alternating sides.

A simple exercise for the waistline is bending from side to side. Do several

times during the day.

To get rid of that excess roll above the waist, lie flat on your back, knees bent, feet flat on the floor close to your body with arms at your sides. Draw the knees up to your chest, lifting the head at the same time as if to touch your chin with the knees. Keep your knees together and pull far up.

To flatten your abdomen, lie flat on your back, with arms stretched out straight overhead. Swing arms up forward in an arc and slowly raise your body to a sitting position. Continue the arc, bend forward and touch your toes. Reverse arc, unbending slowly. Be sure to keep your feet down, and arms and legs straight, all the while you are doing this exercise.

Do any exercise regularly for best results.

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because Kotex
has flat pressed ends
that don't show

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a Deodorant
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All-fabric TINTEX TINTS & DYES



1. Drab, lifeless, out-of-date color 2. Color removed with Tintex Color Remover 3. Re-dyed with All-fabric Tintex

This is the way that millions of women bring new usefulness and color-brightness to dark-colored apparel, drapes, etc. And remember, Tintex Color-Remover is fast-acting! It requires no boiling! Like All-fabric Tintex, it comes in 194, 13¢ and super-economy 25¢ sizes—at all drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

May 12, 1946

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Buy either of these famous VAN CAMP SEA FOODS
...the Quality is the same!

New Things in the Shops

By JANE TEN BROEK

IF YOU plan to can fruits and vegetables this summer you'll be happy to know that new jars and equipment are already coming into the market. Wide mouth Mason jars, preferred by many home canners for meat, chicken, large fruits and vegetables, are available now in newly designed "rounded square" shapes.

Jars and caps of many types will be plentiful for the first time in four years. The one-piece zinc cap with white porcelain lining is back in quantity. Rubbers are red in color and greatly improved, with a larger lip.

There is also a new vacuum dome lid and band, two-piece metal cap with a white enameled lid which is dome shaped. When the jar is sealed, the dome is pulled down, providing an easy and positive way to test the seal. All standard jars are made, in one famous line, in half pint, pint, quart and half-gallon sizes, except the wide mouth jar which comes in only the larger sizes.



fiber glass "heat barrier" lining. So instead of rushing back home with the week end's supply of frozen products, you can shop, go to the beauty parlor, make a luncheon date or even take in a movie, and the frozen foods stay frozen for eight hours or more without any melting taking place.

Ice cream, milk, butter, iced bottled drinks are other products which will keep cold carried from the market or to a picnic. Perfect for country people who have well-stocked food lockers and want to take a gift of a few packages into town with them.

Color System

SELECTION of exactly the right decorating color of paint to match or blend with any fabric or decorating scheme is quick and easy with a new custom color chart now at your favorite decorators and other shops and dealers where paints are sold. Your choice is based on nine plastic charts which contain 1000 evenly-stepped tints, tones and shades covering the entire color spectrum. The colors you choose are custom mixed according to a carefully standardized formula, in about 10 minutes, and in any quantity or finish.

The developers of this system point out that in the past decorators could only work with stock colors from the paint manufacturers, or experiment with unsatisfactory mixtures. While the former are satisfactory for many paint jobs, delicate and unusual shades demanded by modern color schemes are not so easily available in them. With the new quick-matching and quick-mixing system any tint is possible without guesswork or experimenting. This means that the paint dealer can offer a thousand colors but has to stock only six hues, gray and white, saving time and money for himself as well as for the painters and home owners.

For Rusty Pipes

THERE'S a new scientific product in the hardware and grocery stores which stops the rusting out of water lines and tanks. The hard water scale which constantly and continually accumulates in coils, pipes and tanks not only diminishes the house water pressure month by month, but because scale is an insulator it makes the water heating slower and more costly. Also "red water," a nuisance in some houses, especially old structures, can be stopped with this new product and filter.

Plastic Shelf Edging

PLASTICS are so adaptable that one of the new products just out is a plated trim-edging made of plastic film. It's meant for kitchen shelves, the bathroom, curtain tie-backs, garment bags and dressing tables, clothes closets, as well as aprons, house dresses, play and swim suits. It can be sewn in place or tacked on shelves. Comes in beautiful decorating and two-color combinations and besides being transparent, it is waterproof, washable and non-inflammable and pretty.

To Carry Frozen Foods

A NEW kind of utility shopping bag has come into the shops for women who buy frozen foods. The bags, in drawing, zipper and other models, are made with a

In Shape for Work or Play

ARE you thinking ahead to summer days on the beach? The new, brief swim suits and play clothes call for a slim trim figure. If you don't pass the critical eye, you had better start counting calories! I've just received two free reducing booklets, one designed for the teen-ager and the other for grown-ups of all ages. They have

good lists of foods, with their caloric values, to help you keep track of the things you should eat in reducing weight. The diets suggested in the booklet are not extreme or unusual and shouldn't prove too much of a hardship for anyone to follow. But check with your doctor before starting out on any reducing plan. S. Y.

"Mummy! Aunt Sue said the nastiest thing!"



SUE... HOW DARE YOU TELL LUCY MY SINK DRAINS DIRTY AS A SEWER?

CALM DOWN! I SIMPLY SAID SEWER GERMS BREED IN EVERYONE'S SINK DRAIN... 3 INCHES FROM WHERE YOU WASH FOOD, SILVER, DISHES!



(SURVEY MOLNAR LABORATORIES)

HORRORS! ME FOR THE SCORUB BRUSH!

SEE?... Drano! IT TAKES Drano TO BOIL OUT SEWER GERMS... MAKE YOUR SINK SAFE, SANITARY!

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AND Drano OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS TOO!

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2 SIZES—SMALL AND LARGE CORNS, SORE TOES



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SOFT CORNS BETWEEN TOES

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dances and romances with
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Van!

sings love songs... and so
does Lucille Ball
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Van!

fights and frolics with funny-
man Keenan Wynn
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"Easy to Wed"

Adapted by Dorothy Kingsley • From the Screenplay
"Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard
Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer

Directed by
EDWARD BUZZELL

Produced by
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